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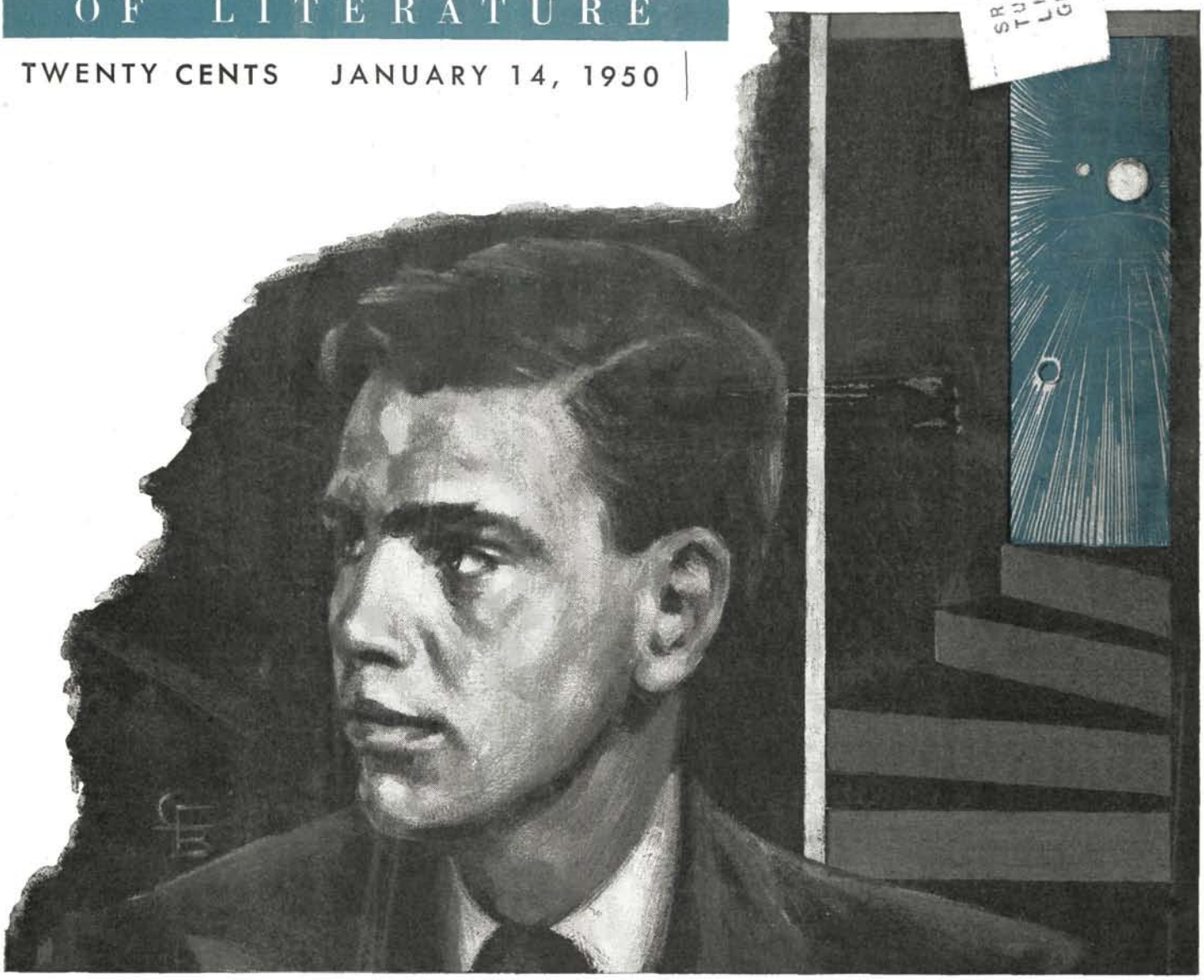

Anthony West, author of "The Vintage." (See page 8)

The Classic Blend in Literature

By ANTONIO IGLESIAS

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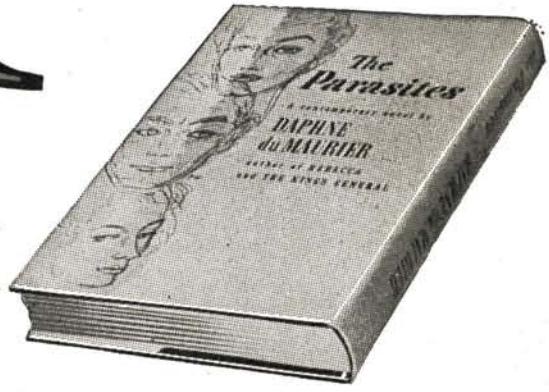

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TRADE Winds

BROWN'S PASTURES

"SOUTH PACIFIC" is turning into a legend before our very eyes. The press agent for this fabulous musical hit might just as well paddle off for a vacation in Bali Ha'i; a dozen stories about the play pop up daily without the slightest effort on his part. A few of them actually are true.

There's the fellow, for instance (composer Dick Rodgers told me this himself), who phoned the box office one day and said, "I have two seats in the sixth row for Wednesday night and I want to make sure they'll be honored." "If you came by them honestly, what are you worrying about?" asked the treasurer suspiciously. "Of course, if you found them somewhere the real owner may be on hand to contest your right to the seats. Suppose you tell me exactly how you did get them." After a moment's hesitation, the man answered, "Fact is, I'm an undertaker. I was laying out a body for burial, and I found the tickets in his pocket."

Another story concerns Dickinson Eastham, the talented young man who understudies for Ezio Pinza and attained sudden prominence when Pinza's recurrent throat ailment gave him the opportunity of playing the exacting role of the French planter, Emile de Becque, something like forty times in the past two months. Mary Martin had been particularly helpful in coaching Eastham for the part and on the night of her birthday he found a chance to show his gratitude. The libretto calls for the gold-bricking Sergeant Billis to deliver a bouquet in the second act with the planter's card attached; Miss Martin is supposed to shed a tear or two when she receives it. This time the bouquet was a spray of real orchids, the card was Eastham's—and Miss Martin *really* cried! Eastham's performance has been so outstanding, incidentally (playgoers momentarily depressed by the announcement that Pinza was unable to appear, have remained to cheer the valiant efforts of his replacement), that he now stands the best chance of winning the part permanently in the touring company under formation.

Envious rivals have fallen into the habit of calling the show "Saint Pacific." "Of course, we don't expect to compete with anything like *that*," they admit with the barest trace of malice. "All we think we've got is just a little old-fashioned commercial hit." . . . One claims the show even made $2,000 the day after the try-out run ended in Boston. Hub theatre-lovers, he declares, saw the billboards still standing, broke open the box-office, and threw their money into the till.

Some have gone so far as to revive for the occasion the venerable fable of the wealthy suburbanites who received tickets for themselves and staff in a plain envelope with no explanatory note whatever. They made sure the tickets were genuine, assumed that some inarticulate but grateful friend was taking this delicate means of repaying a favor, attended the play en masse—and returned home to find it stripped clean by shrewd burglars who had operated with the comforting knowledge that they would be undisturbed. Columnist John McClain traced this yarn back to 1924, but I believe it's even older than that. Unless my memory is playing me false, we used it in the Columbia *Jester* in 1918—a year before Dick Rodgers toddled across the campus with his freshman cap.

Meanwhile the album containing records of the show's score is already far over the mark set by "Oklahoma!," a volume containing the libretto and lyrics is in its third edition, Doubleday's new drama book club almost automatically grabbed it as its initial selection, *Reader's Digest* has commissioned Billy Rose to do an article about it, and an enterprising cafeteria on Forty-fourth Street has a sign in its window proclaiming, "Our hotcakes are going like tickets to 'South Pacific.'" Meanwhile, too, you can take the word of this inveterate playgoer that "South Pacific" is even more wonderful the second time you see it than it is the first—an absolutely perfect and unforgettable evening in the theatre. . . .

SO LONG AS I've begun poaching shamelessly on the sacred preserves of John Mason Brown—one of my favorite gents in all the world—I might as well go on to tell you about a sketch in a clever and delightful new revue called "Touch and Go," by Jean and Walter Kerr. "What the War Really Was Like" is its title. The set is a bomb-scarred shelter just behind the front lines, and when the curtain rises a four-star general and his entire staff are working furiously—on their autobiographies and war memoirs. "You haven't slept in forty-eight hours," the general's aide reminds him. "You need rest." "My work is never done," says the general grimly. "I'm only up to Chapter Twelve." A begrimed scout dashes in to gasp, "About artillery, sir . . ." "Yes," snaps the general. "One or two L's, sir?" "Two," hazards the general, and the scout is off. Then the

"You've got to come over to the gym and talk to my basketball team between halves."

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phone rings. "It's 10 Downing Street," says the non-com who answers. "Blast 10 Downing Street!" cries the general. "Can't you see I'm busy?" The next call is from the Chief of Staff in Washington. The general spurns this one, too, grumbling, "Don't they know there's a war on?" The phone rings a third time. Now the non-com gasps, "It's Simon & Schuster!" Everybody in the shelter makes a wild dive for the receiver, the general grabbing it in the end-zone.

A diversion is caused by the entrance of Lt. Kerrigan. "They got me, sir," he gasps. "I'm all washed up." "What got you, son?" sympathizes the general. "Shrapnel? Gas?" "No," says Kerrigan. "Random House. They sent it back." "Quick! Brandy," the general orders. "This man is in a state of shock." The entire crew make Kerrigan start typing a new script immediately, "before he loses his nerve," reminding him, "You've got to do it for the unit, man! Remember our four book-club selections." Kerrigan does it. The general now looks over the shoulder of another typing subordinate. "Ye gods, Brackett," he observes, "your language is filthy." "Thank you, sir," says the gratified Brackett. "I'm calling it 'I Never Met Eisenhower.'"

At this point a terrific explosion destroys the entire shelter. As the lights dim, everybody is polished off but the general, who staggers to his typewriter and pecks, "We were wiped out. Somehow we knew Montgomery was responsible." . . .

ONE OF THE PLAYGOERS who laughed loudest and longest at this little travesty, incidentally, was Marshal Montgomery himself, present as a guest of wily producer George Abbott. . . . "Touch and Go" bears the stamp of Abbott's particular genius all the way through. It has zip, gaiety, and youth. The first-act finale, a musical version of "Hamlet" in the Rodgers-Hammerstein manner called "Great Dame, A-Comin'," is a standout, and so is a version of Cinderella after the director of "Streetcar" and "Death of a Salesman" has finished toying with it. . . . The cast of "Touch and Go" includes a lot of attractive youngsters who were delighted to hitch their wagons to Abbott's star. They remember it was he who first introduced to Broadway Betty Field, June Allyson, Nancy Walker, Gene Tierney, Joan Caulfield, Kirk Douglas, and Richard Widmark. . . .

On the side, Mr. Abbott shakes a wicked rhumba and, despite his advancing years, often wins top-flight tennis matches, especially when he has Jack Kramer as a partner.

—BENNETT CERF.

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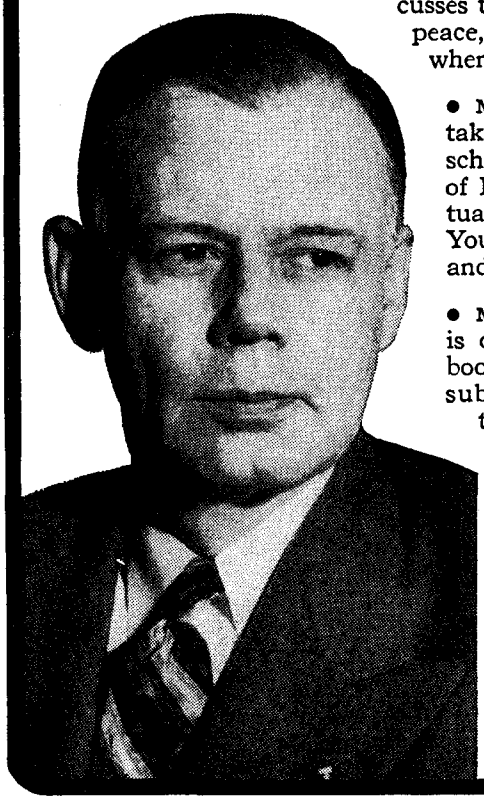

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Classic Blend in Literature

ANTONIO IGLESIAS

THERE are today in the United States two extremist and antagonistic schools of literary criticism which nullify each other in theory and, in their turn, are completely nullified in practice by the very existence of literature. The Marxist school asserts that literature, as one of the forms of human culture, is nothing but a minor by-product of the economic structure within which it is written and that its products are either a justification of such an economic system or a condemnation thereof. The other school maintains that literature, and especially poetry, by the very fact that it is one of the least material manifestations of culture, has nothing whatsoever to do with economic, social, or political activities and should, therefore, be cultivated in a vacuum, as it were, without regard to its human sources or its moral implications.

By translating these antagonistic "ideological" creeds into the emblematic language of literature itself, we can begin to see how absurd they both are. For the Marxist critics argue that the literary plant has not many but only one root and that, however large and vigorous it may grow, it can produce only two kinds of fruit, regardless of the number of different flowers that may adorn its branches. Their ivory-towered esthetic antagonists say, on the other hand, that the queer thing has no roots at all sunk into the life of man and his society, that it floats somehow as a cloud between earth and heaven, and that it produces flowers only and no fruit.

The absurdity of these two extreme and narrow creeds is amply demonstrated by the very life and growth of literature and by the rich fruitfulness of poetry itself. Because we can view them more steadily and more wholly than our own, let us reach at random into the fiction and the poetry of the nineteenth century in Europe and America with the purpose of determining the true nature of literature in general, as well as some of its abiding relations with the life of the individual and society.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," for example, definitely arose out of Southern slavery in the United States and certainly was an effective political weapon in redressing that social and economic wrong. But it must be kept clearly in mind that the fundamental impulses that created it were moral and religious, not economic or revolutionary. Although the novel was narrow in its range and transitory in its appeal, it became a great sensation immediately after its publication. For it was, and still remains, a great human document that stripped the protective ethico-religious coloration from the institution of slavery and dramatically laid bare its elementary injustice. It brought the slavery system home to the common feeling and conscience and its strong religious atmosphere emphasized the Abolitionist contention that slavery trafficked in Christian souls, thus rendering it hateful to every humanitarian instinct. It was indeed propaganda of the noblest sort and the book soon ran into millions of copies, was avidly read, and stirred the emotions of multitudes that had never read a political speech or heard a serious debate on any subject.

But this novel that ultimately became one of the effective and immediate causes of the American Civil War was no mere instrument of revolutionary propaganda coldly designed to shock people into action. Like a volcanic outburst of righteous indignation, it erupted spontaneously from the spiritual depths of a profoundly religious woman. At fourteen Harriet Beecher Stowe underwent a religious awakening and thereafter the greatest of all dramas for her was the drama of the human soul concerned with the great enterprise of salvation. Related to clergymen on all sides, she lived all her life within an atmosphere of religion and could not escape, as a writer, from being a lay preacher. In her passionate concern over slavery, moreover, her Puritan conscience was quickened by her warm human sympathies. She had come close to the hateful thing during the years she spent at Cincinnati; in Kentucky she had been to the slave markets; she had seen her father and brothers aid runaway slaves by means of the underground railway. A profound sense of the iniquity of the system oppressed her and when the Fugitive Slave Bill came to fill the measure of her wrath she freely poured out her heart, her mind, and her conscience into her famous book.

SOMETHING similar can be said of Dickens's many and voluminous novels, each one of which symbolically expresses his indignant protest against the dehumanizing effects of the Industrial Revolution in Great Britain. His novels have justly been called social tracts and it has been noted that his crowded literary life was a long series of joyous battles for the underdog. For, with a poet's tender heart and the cutting mind of an unsurpassed satirist, Dickens scolded and shocked, amused and threatened until he com-

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pelled the authorities to reform one social wrong after another. Something of social protest can already be read between the lines of his description of Mr. Pickwick in jail, and in "Oliver Twist" the implied criticism of social institutions is perfectly obvious. In this early novel of his Dickens already bore eloquent witness to the tragic fact that the workhouse was something unnaturally new and hard and inhuman in Great Britain, and in his merciless caricature of Bumble he held up the typical bureaucrat to a century of ridicule. Thus he brought about many practical political and social reforms by throwing a strong and lurid light into some dark corners of society such as orphanages, schools, and debtors' prisons. And he left us terrifying burlesques of what the relentless pursuit of wealth can lead men to, as well as heart-rending pictures of the sweeping away of the landed gentry on the tide of the growing, parvenu plutocracy.

If Dickens turned out to be such an efficient and practical reformer, he became so for love and for no other motive. Because what illuminates all his works, transfigured his comic genius, and softened the savagery of his satire was his charity, a Christian charity that embraced all sorts of people from crippled children to pompous fools and from pallid, romantic damosels to drunken old hags. It was the same love that filled his private life with joy and merriment and made him such a darling of society. And it was out of such genuine concern for his fellowmen that he hated poverty and wretchedness and squalor—evils which he had bitterly experienced himself as a boy and which turned living men and women into grotesque caricatures of their true selves.

Flaubert was a keener psychologist than Dickens and an even stranger combination of the romanticist and the realist. "There are two distinct men within me," he wrote. "One of them is in love with noise, with lyricism, with great eagle-flights, with all the sonorities of phraseology and all the high summits of ideas. The other searches and probes reality as deeply as he can, loves to bring out small facts as well as great ones, and would like to make you feel almost materially the things which he reproduces. This one enjoys laughter and takes pleasure in the animalism of mankind." Unlike his father, who, as a surgeon, was a dissector of human bodies, Flaubert was an indefatigable dissector of human souls. And as "Don Quixote" became the cornerstone of his philosophy of life he concluded that "the trouble with men is not that they are scoundrels, but that they are fools. . . . The human mind is tragically stupid."

—*Illustration by Rockwell Kent for "Faust."*

THIS absymal human stupidity both repulsed and attracted him and he studied it as a conscientious physician studies a loathsome disease so that, having determined its real cause, he might be able to discover its cure. His realistic masterpiece, "Madame Bovary," is, therefore, the scrupulously truthful portraiture of a human life, a detailed and penetrating exploration of a romantic soul. With uncanny clairvoyance and consummate artistry Flaubert depicts the incurable folly of a self-deluded, ambitious woman who, having an infallible instinct for what is false, moves from error to error and from blunder to blunder until she completely ruins her husband, degrades herself utterly, and climaxes all her follies by the supreme folly of suicide.

For Dostoievsky the fundamental weakness of man is not his folly but his sinfulness and the resultant "bifurcation" of his personality whereby he nurtures "in his soul the loftiest ideal side by side with the meanest baseness, and both in perfect sincerity." Having dedicated his life to the salvation of the Russian people, Dostoievsky ardently tried to interpret it. to work for it, even to enslave himself for its sake. When he turned to the Petersburg intellectuals to learn the true way of salvation, he found that those revolutionary liberals meant to change the face of Russian society by overthrowing the Czarist Government and by setting up in its place a republic of free men. He also learnt from them that man must be his own savior and must forget all the old nonsense about a divine redemption; that his duty as a writer was, therefore, to set the human mind working so as to kindle the human heart from wretched suffering into a liberating ecstasy.

But during his Siberian exile Dostoievsky searched his own soul to its very depths and discovered that man cannot save himself without divine help because he is bound by sin: "Each of us bears the guilt of all and of everything on earth, not merely the general world-guilt, but each one individually for all and each on the earth." He now realized that the redemption of the irredeemable cannot possibly come from man and, consequently, must come from a power outside man. For it is God who saves

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Fiction. *It would be hard to find at the very beginning of any year more promising and readable novels than the four reviewed this week. Anthony West's "The Vintage" is an absorbing and thoughtful fantasy, based on the voyage into the hereafter of a prosecutor for the Crown at the Nuremberg Trials, who had committed suicide after he had sent a German general to the gallows. The first novel of Frederick Buechner, a twenty-three-year-old American, is certain to be widely discussed. "A Long Day's Dying" reveals his gifts for pathos, humor, and irony, in an elaborately embroidered story of a group of self-conscious moderns. Gore Vidal's "A Search for a King" is a finely written novel of the presumably romantic world of medieval wars and troubadors with twentieth-century overtones. It is assured of popular success, as is Richard Llewellyn's novel of the aftermath of the war in Italy, "A Few Flowers for Shiner."*

Enlarged Conscience in Purgatory

THE VINTAGE. By Anthony West. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 310 pp. $3.

By Hollis Alpert

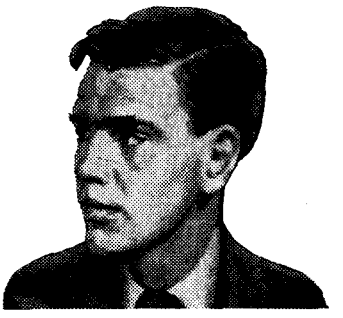
"NO WEAKNESS, do not forget you have been a man!" These were the only words of support that Colonel J. M. Wallis, prosecutor for the Crown at the Nuremburg war trials, was able to take with him after he placed the oily barrel of a .45 in his mouth and blew out his brain. He found himself embadked shortly after on a nightmarish journey through purgatory, one in which he was able to glimpse the hells that awaited him if he allowed himself ever to forget the message. And it was all he had to help him resist the clever blandishments and reasonings of a rather charming devil, who could make the descents seem like most attractive paradises in which to spend one's eternity. The purgatory is a contemporary one, and Wallis's pilgrimage through it, and simultaneously through his past, amounts to a kind of parable on twentieth-century existence. Thus, Anthony West's first novel must unavoidably take up some weighty matters and it is to his credit that he does not shirk the task. Quite the contrary, in fact, for there is a certain eagerness in the way he battles with the problems of guilt, justice, right and wrong, good and evil. His hero is essentially a human conscience, and there is some mighty wrestling that goes on within it.

This book comes from England fully heralded. It has won the latest Houghton Mifflin Fellowship award, along with a similar award offered by a British publishing firm. There is not much doubt that the writer has some remarkable gifts; and there is also not much doubt that he has attempted to make a lavish display of them, as though in anticipation of an auspicious emergence.

It is a lushly convoluted novel that Mr. West has written, one with facets: sometimes they sparkle, sometimes they emit only the murkiest of light. Within the total frame of fantasy there are some solidly dramatic moments, some mature and ironic comments, passages that can surprise with an icy chill, others that can suddenly transform the mood from the idyllic to solemn horror. All this bodes well for the author's future. But you can also get the feeling that it's as though he has decided to play his first composition on a cathedral organ, pulling out all the stops rashly every now and then and not always getting pure sound. The attempt is certainly valiant, but the sheer strain keeps showing through.

And I think one has to keep straining to discover what the nature of the disease was that caused Colonel Wallis to take his own life. There are some premises to accept before the motivation for the act can be accepted. One, that the perception of one's emptiness can have such drastic results; two, that abstract concepts can lead to the perception. Wallis had prosecuted General Kenelm, a German war criminal, and after the hanging came to see the true blindness of the female figure of justice, as she weighed one bowl of feathery snow against the other.

And, after the reverberation of the



THE AUTHOR: "The Vintage" is Anthony West's first novel, although he has been a recognized arbiter of fiction in England since 1937, when, twenty-two years old, he became a critic for the *New Statesman and Nation*—an achievement some might excusably consider remarkable for one who admits, "At school I was a rather unsuccessful student. . . . I never went to a university and have never acquired any sort of certificate or diploma." However, as the son of Rebecca West and H. G. Wells, Mr. West possesses certain eugenic properties that manifested themselves as early as age nine, when he evolved for 800 lead soldiers a complex culture personally documented with newspapers, manifestoes, poetry, and plays. And, whereas West credits his paternal parent with having "enormously influenced me," Wells took inspiration from the boy's precocious sociologizing for his "The Bulpington of Blup." Notwithstanding that circa 1932 West began four years' vagabondage about the world, he decries bohemian and abnormal areas of conduct as injurious for the young writer. "Take your sensitivity and vision through the normal working world and don't begin writing too soon." In 1936 he married and three years later at Government request adopted an essential wartime occupation—dairy farming. Then BBC hired him for two years as a news writer, which he quit in 1946, when, he says, "I began to itch with the novel. It was clear to me that the emotional stresses had been replaced by an even greater ordeal—clear that Europe had simply knocked its guts out to exchange one bullying tyrant for another. . . . Why was it worth going on? What was it all for? I had a feeling that I knew the answer, but I couldn't give it form. One day I had lunch with Graham Greene, and he more or less challenged my inchoate liberalism from his Catholic fortress. A few days later I read Robert Graves's poem 'Instruction to the Orphic Adept.' My mind began to tick with the book . . ." It is now ticking on a work of considerable advance interest—a biography of his famous father—R.G.

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shot, he had to take Kenelm along with him in the realm he now entered. One could not proceed without the other in the purgatory, a vaguely familiar one containing trains and automobiles, concentration camps and pleasure resorts, and much the same sort of flora and fauna the real world had possessed. It was a timeless realm and yet weighted, everywhere they went, with a sense of their pasts. Wallis, with his enlarged conscience did not get along in it as well as Kenelm did, and he needed the services of a guide and teacher. This was Ransome, and at first Wallis did not know that this dapper chap was an emissary of the devil, since he wasn't so obvious as to carry a pronged stick. The revelation only came to him when he could no longer stomach the syrupy hedonistic ways of spending eternity that Ransome offered him. He made, or thought he made, his escape, with Kenelm still tagging along—but soon enough Ransome appeared again, as smilingly in control as ever. Something was required of Wallis before he could free himself, and this was the comprehension of the meaning of the message that had been given to him. "The heart of being a man was remembering." It was very terrible for him to remember, remember everything, and Ransome almost won out.

But, aside from Wallis's individual life pattern, sketched out in a series of skilful backflashes (and backflashes within backflashes), there is another level of narrative that slowly emerges—a symbolic one. Mr. West is drawing a mordant parallel between this Englishman's purgatory and the broad facts of twentieth-century existence. Abstracted, but all too recognizable, are the paths which for him appear to lead to living hells—and one can understand his need to sermonize the answers to Wallis's questionings.

The sound of the organ does grow very loud at the end. The answers are thoughtful — the beast seems thrown, but is he really thrown? For a kind of fashionable religiousness of tone enters that, unfortunately, obscures rather than clarifies. It is a first-rate virtuoso performance he has given us, nevertheless, a little flashy, it is true, but abundantly capable. Mr. West shows clear signs, with this first exercise, that he is a notable heir to the gifts of his illustrious literary parents.

Hollis Alpert has contributed short stories to The New Yorker, Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, *and other magazines and teaches the short story at New York University's Division of General Education.*

A Eunuch, His Monkey and Friends

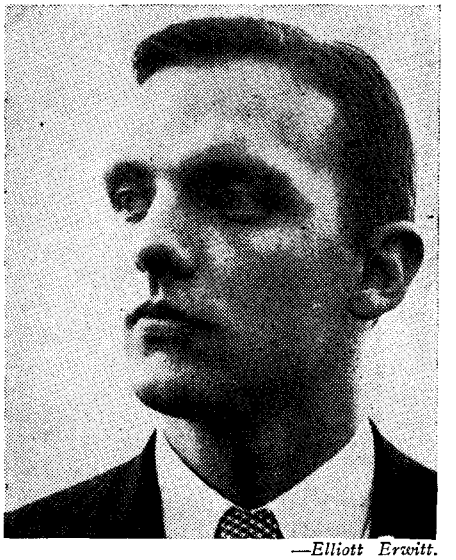
A LONG DAY'S DYING. By Frederick Buechner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 267 pp. $3.

By RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

WHEN a first novel arrives that is as elaborately embroidered as this one is, our initial impulse is to rip off all the decorative trimmings to see what framework is actually concealed underneath. Strip Mr Buechner's novel of its prose fineries and, I am afraid, there is not very much left except a somewhat unpleasant tale about one week in the lives of an introspective, shallow group of New Yorkers involved in what Tristram Bone, the fat protagonist of the story, confesses to be "trivial intrigue." But then again, divest any novel of its padding or ornamentation today and we are fortunate if we find it has a framework at all.

Unlike some of our recent novels by petulant writers in their early twenties, Mr. Buechner's book does have a theme, no matter how vague or abstract it may be He is exploring the modern scene with its frustrations and growing discontent through the complicated behavior of men and women living on the surface of an urbane social world. Because Mr. Buechner is as precocious as he is perceptive with the horrific and the wildly humorous (a bit on the vulgar side) he reveals mainly a decadent society to us, in which the individuals are either desiccated, crabbed, or grotesquely made.

The hero or dominant figure in this baroque novel is an obese, pathetic, but wealthy middle-aged eunuch. Tristram Bone is somehow magnificent in spite of his massiveness and the grotesqueness and merciless irony of his plight; for Tristram loves Elizabeth Poor, a handsome widow with a twenty-year-old son. This fat man is, perhaps, the most human character of the lot unless it could be either Simon, Tristram's pet monkey, or Emma, his German housekeeper, who finds her domestic tyranny overshadowed by the monkey's presence. It is George Motley, however, a cruel caricature of a perennial juvenile and successful New York novelist whose petty malice threatens to cast dishonor and disenchantment on the intimate circle which is completed by Elizabeth's son, Leander, and his friend Steitler, a young instructor at the university that he is attending. And finally it is the grandmother, Maroo, who intervenes, emerging from that gentle, tranquilly wise world to which these people will never have access. Sensing danger and willing to risk indignity, she is the only one prepared to make the sacrifice to avert disaster.



—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Frederick Buechner—"the horrific and the wildly humorous a bit on the vulgar side."

"Mirror, Mirror on the wall, Am I not the fairest of them all?" might be the invocation, at one time or another, of nearly every character in this book. Mr. Buechner is not above using words like mirror, proscenium, stage manager, or actor, to get over his desired dramatic effects. Mr. Buechner is in good company when he suggests that the world may be a stage and all the people in it are players. But where he has failed is in not recognizing how illimitable that stage is, as certainly Thackeray and Dickens did and some of our more serious novelists manage to do today. Mr. Buechner makes us too frequently aware that his people are merely competent actors.

Still, when we consider what Mr. Buechner is trying to do here, and how difficult it is to execute such a theme, we then have to appreciate what a remarkable job he has done on the whole. There is not only bitter irony but genuine pathos underlying this artistic effort to portray a collection of self-conscious individuals posturing before flattering backdrops, seeking in their private mirrors reflections of what they would like to be.

It is likely that this unusual novel, mannered to the extent of almost being labeled mandarin, despite its flaws or youthful pretensions, will arouse a great deal of interest in the coming months. For our part, we can only express wonderment and gratitude that the new year has at least started off with a novel with such a high degree of literary refinement from a writer of twenty-three.

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Animated Tapestry

A SEARCH FOR THE KING. By Gore Vidal. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 255 pp. $3.

By Samuel Putnam

A VETERAN of World War II, who knows war as it has come to be, stands in front of a medieval tapestry. On that tapestry are depicted knights in armor, ladies languishing in their bowers, troubadours with their viols, enchanted forests, fire-breathing dragons, werewolves, unicorns, vampires, man-eating giants, a glimpse of Robin Hood and his men, and finally a tumultuous battle scene with a royal figure in the van, the all but audible clash of steel on tempered steel as the knights charge one another, the metallic clatter as they fall, the carnage wrought by the archers, by broadsword and battle-ax, the trampling of the vanquished, the agony of the dying . . .

Gazing on all this, our soldier of the 1940's is reminded of his boyhood, an attic library in his grandfather's home, and a juvenile reference work in which for the first time he had read an account of Richard the Lion-heart, England's crusader king of the Plantagenet line. Interwoven with this story had been the purely legendary tale of Blondel the troubadour as related in the thirteenth-century "Chronicle of Reims." Returning home from Palestine across the Continent of Europe, Richard had been taken prisoner and held for ransom by Leopold of Austria, and it was then that Blondel, singing for his supper as he went, had set out on a long and arduous search for the one who was not merely his sovereign but—and this meant a good deal more to him—his friend as well.

—*From "English Folk Heroes."*

"Robin Hood."

In view of the fact that he happens to be perhaps the most delicately sensitive of all our young writing men who have come out of the war, is it any wonder if Gore Vidal should have been tempted to reproduce, in a modern idiom and with overtones of our present-day anguish, this centuries-old tapestry and the little epic of friendship it embodies? (In a charming foreword, he himself has told us how the book came to be.) The result is a kind of dream fabric, and yet, thanks to Mr. Vidal's talent as a novelist and his marvelously simple, clear, direct, and at the same time memorable prose, the narrative conveys a feeling of reality without benefit of archaisms, and we are led to accept the dragons, unicorns, vampires, werewolves, and all the rest—along with a certain subtle disillusionment, never quite becoming cynicism, that is of the twentieth century rather than the twelfth.

Studying the tapestry today with the eyes of experience, the novelist is aware that spilled entrails on a battlefield were no more glorious then than now and that life as a whole, in its fundamentals, was very much the same: in its seeming meaninglessness often, its fleetingness, its ever encroaching loneliness. Is friendship, then, the answer? "Stories about friendships are not common: dark loving has always been the more popular theme." In any event, Mr. Vidal is still seeking the answer, and that is more than can be said of most of his contemporaries.

Versus Video

By Leila Jones

LEAVE me the hidden scene
Unpictured on a screen;
Leave me the song that floats
From young, invisible throats,
Where Siegfried's but a lad
Leaping, in wolf-skin clad;
Brunnhilde thin as willow
Laid on her stony pillow.
When sound alone is king
The mind goes voyaging
Without surprise to see
The bloom upon the Tree,
And in that halcyon air
The Phoenix nesting there.
Who shall deny the gift
To pierce the heavenly rift
And from the cloud to bring
The transcendental spring.
The eye must now be wide
To this invading tide—
The exoteric square
That lays illusion bare.

Rosie's Golden Crew

A FEW FLOWERS FOR SHINER. By Richard Llewellyn. New York: The Macmillan Co. 372 pp. $3.

By Oliver La Farge

THE beginning of Mr. Llewellyn's new novel raises great hopes. In the unfolding of the characters of the two British soldiers, Snowy and Bill, and of the American, Max, there are realism and toughness of observation and exposition. These are enlisted men, quarrelsome, disillusioned, seeing in everything that is done to them the arbitrary operations of the all-controlling They who run all wars. The author knows, as Norman Mailer does not, that some men are both tough and decent, and that most men are in search of companionship, even though they clumsily defeat themselves.

As these three travel over Italy in *Rosie*, the beloved lorry, one begins to feel, too, that here is a really penetrating picture of Italians under the iron of the occupation. The first glimpses of the vicissitudes of these people under their conqueror-liberators reveals the narrowness of John Horne Burns's philanthropo-erotic preachments in "The Gallery."

A suspicion that all is not quite well arises when the Princess, American wife of an Italian nobleman, is added to *Rosie*'s crew. When further, Sandy, the ever-loyal, ever-ready Italian, is recruited, suspicion grows stronger. There begins to be a faint odor of a Saroyanesque gathering of golden hearts. Suspicion proves well founded. The hearts of gold beat furiously under the rough exteriors. The early realism of rough, decent, fed-up, healthily lustful soldiers slides into the ancient British formula of sentiment and sentimentality covered by brusqueness and understatement.

Close-packed incident and suspense take over the interest. The dialogue continues splendid throughout, a trifle less convincing with the Americans, most uncertain in the case of the Princess, an educated American type whose speech and motivations the author does not fully comprehend.

Incident is not merely close-packed: it evolves into melodrama, which in turn teeters on the edge of the fantastic. With this, the Italian peasants part-way turn into a chorus in a sumptuous opera or a wildly conceived ballet. The five members of *Rosie*'s crew become the instruments of the overthrow of a gang of hundreds of deserters of all nations who terrorize the countryside. The gang is organized into a little nation under

(*Continued on page* 29)

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The War. *The flood tide of books about World War II that began even before hostilities were over continues unabated. Every branch of the armed services now has its official history well under way: the Army has published five of its promised ninety-one, the Air Force two of its seven, and the Navy five of its thirteen. The latest in the Navy's excellent series, Samuel Eliot Morison's "The Struggle for Guadalcanal," is reviewed below. The generals and admirals have been equally prolific. Eisenhower, Montgomery, Patton, Halsey, Holland Smith, Chennault are among those already heard from. Now General Frederick Morgan comes forward in "Overture to Overlord" to tell the British side of the Allied invasion of Normandy, while General George C. Kenney in a book called "General Kenney Reports" forthrightly gives the story of his command under General MacArthur of the Army air forces during the Pacific War.*

The Cossac and D-Day

OVERTURE TO OVERLORD. By Lt. Gen. Frederick Morgan. New York: Doubleday & Co. 302 pp. $3.50.

By HARRY C. BUTCHER

GENERAL Morgan has made a happy and brilliant contribution to the record of World War II in "Overture to Overlord." He is a genuine authority on the subject, for he not only directed the writing of the score of the overture but rehearsed the orchestra. General Morgan overcame the normal reticence of the military mind and let his report become both delightfully personal and philosophical. It is, in addition, an invaluable contribution to the history of our times.

This is the story of the planning of Operation Overlord, the great land, sea, and air assault on the Normandy coast of France on June 6, 1944, more commonly known as "D-Day." General Morgan was in charge of the secret planning group known as Cossac, which developed the intricate yet gigantic scheme. The name "Cossac" really meant "Chief of Staff, Supreme Allied Command." That was General Morgan's title, and the initials formed the word which became descriptive to those who should know and deceptive, even a bit Russian, to those who shouldn't.

Cossac was ordered formed by the Combined Chiefs of Staff when they met at Casablanca in January 1943. The top position of Supreme Commander was not filled, but the Chief of Staff to the unspecified commander was instructed to give "cohesion and impetus" to preparations. As all know, the top job ultimately fell to General Eisenhower, whom General Morgan reveres practically as a saint. But in the intervening year there was almost unending speculation by General Morgan and his staff as to who their big boss ultimately would be. If he were to be British, as was first thought, that would affect the nationality of principal subordinates; if he were to be American the same questions would apply. For most of the year General Morgan and many others thought it would be General Marshall.

The Cossac group was instructed to prepare plans simultaneously for three operations. The first was to initiate an elaborate series of feints in the English Channel and elsewhere to make the enemy think the landing would come where it wasn't planned to send it. They were intended, too, to keep as many Germans as possible off the Russian front. This plan worked amazingly well. The second was to prepare for the possibility that the Germans would disintegrate and the Allies would then return to the Continent at short notice with whatever forces happened to be available in Britain. The third was for the full-scale assault as early as possible in 1944.

General Morgan assembled a staff in Norfolk House in London, where other operations had been planned, notably Torch, which was the North African landing, and some failures such as the expeditions to Norway and Greece. The Americans were rarin' to go, the British were less enthusiastic, remembering Dunkirk, but the Anglo-American staff which Morgan directed soon began hitting harmonious chords instead of discords. Many of the personal problems were smoothed at the bar of the officers' mess in Norfolk House.

General Morgan has put down a lot for us to ponder and he has done so without recriminations. He frankly analyzes many of the more obvious differences between the Americans and the British and does so in a manner that is eminently creditable to one of the great British generals who helped General Ike attain such success as an Allied commander.

Harry C. Butcher, a captain in the U.S. Naval Reserve on inactive status, was aide to General Eisenhower during World War II. He is the author of "My Three Years with Eisenhower" published in 1946.

—From "Britain at War."

"The Shell Being Rammed Home," by Midshipman John Worsley.

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Three Frenzied Years

GENERAL KENNEY REPORTS. By George C. Kenney. New York: Duell, Sloane & Pearce. 594 pp. $4.50.

By Beirne Lay, Jr.

WHEN Hap Arnold sent an aggressive operator named Major-General George C. Kenney to the Southwest Pacific in 1942 to resuscitate General MacArthur's moribund Allied Air Force, Kenney faced a fantastically snafued mess. His predecessor did not even know how many airplanes he had. Kenney found out. He also discovered that it didn't make much difference since most of the airplanes were out of commission, morale and combat efficiency were nearly zero, and relations between the Air Force people and MacArthur's staff exuded a malevolent effluvium. Another commander might well have taken one look and eagerly boarded the first B-24 bound back to the States. Instead, Kenney dived in head first. The splash he made washed him up three years later onto the shores of Japan to witness a surrender ceremony to which his devastating application of the air weapon had made a revolutionary contribution. His "Report" covers those three frenzied years.

Written in the form of a popularized history running to almost 600 pages, Kenney's account is so detailed that it reads at times like a summary of operational reports, replete with statistics of number of aircraft dispatched, tonnages dropped, bombing results, and enemy aircraft destroyed. But these heavy slugs of factual data, of special interest to anyone who served in the Pacific, if not to the average layman, are leavened with spicy personal asides and pithy anecdotes.

Any reader who has chaffed at the red tape characteristic of all the services will keenly relish Kenney's account of the manner in which he set about him with a bolo knife to slash through the jungle of paperwork which had enmeshed the air offensive. It is exciting to have his version of how he sold himself and his cause to MacArthur, how he injected realism into the chain of command, how he whipped his combat units into a fighting frame of mind, how he begged, borrowed, stole, or invented tools for them to fight with, how he pioneered new ideas like the air-lift, skip bombing, and the use of parafrag bombs, how he and his commanders learned to outsmart the Nip, and how his Air Forces won the initiative and expanded their air superiority to overwhelming proportions at the end.

George C. Kenney—"a bolo knife through the paperwork."

This book has many faults. The narrative does not build. It moves along at a level pace with too much operational detail in the last half, where a wider, faster sweep of the pen is in order. There is oversimplification, for Kenney thinks in black and white. He refers only casually to the strategic employment of the B-29's in the final gutting of the Jap homeland, possibly because he was and still is more interested in the tactical application of air power, of which he became a master. Finally, the author, who is a fascinating conversationalist, does not write as colorfully as he talks.

On the plus side, Kenney's book gains immeasurably by frankness. He does not hesitate to take a jarring fall out of big brass like General Sutherland, MacArthur's Chief-of-Staff. Many other commanders whom he considered incompetent rise three feet off the ground at the end of Kenney's boot. Of all things, the author most admired guts, loyalty, and what he called "operators." His praise for the men who showed such qualities is generous and eloquent. Most of his character sketches of associates like General Ennis Whitehead and Merian Cooper are penetrating and well drawn, but his portrayal of MacArthur reads so like the copy of a press agent, that its intent is frustrated.

Beirne Lay, Jr., a wartime colonel in the Air Force, is author of "Two O'Clock High!" and other books about aerial warfare.

Pacific Hell Hole

THE STRUGGLE FOR GUADALCANAL. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 388 pp. $6.

By John A. DeChant

EVEN in its days of festering peace Guadalcanal was well worthy of its wartime label—the Hell Hole of the South Pacific. It was a muck- and malaria-ridden island that even the natives of the Solomons avoided. Those who fought there hated it with a passion put to use. They knew it, too, as perhaps the only place on earth where you could fight hip-deep in mud and get dust in your eyes.

It was this Guadalcanal that, by accident and then design, became the bursting place for the high tide of Japanese aggression in the southern latitudes. Quickly picked as the site of the first major American offensive in World War II, Guadalcanal was invaded by the Marines almost with ease in contrast to the hell that came in the holding of it.

From the morning of August 7, 1942, throughout the chaotic weeks that followed the American forces were so often on the verge of being overwhelmed that it became second nature to them. They lived and died in an atmosphere of continual crises so that the high state of tension became just another pain in the guts.

There were, of course, later battles of greater size and others in the Pacific that were as stubbornly fought. But those who study Guadalcanal can agree that it was unique for the variety and multiplicity of weapons involved, for actual coordination between the land, sea, and air forces, and for its unequaled misery, ferocity, and self-sacrifice.

In its unfolding, the Guadalcanal campaign swirled and eddied like a forest fire in a high March wind. It was fought over many thousands of square miles of ocean, jungle, and air in an endless, disconnected, and often unplanned series of skirmishes and major battles.

In the six months of action in and around and because of Guadalcanal, the U.S. Navy fought six major engagements more bitter and bloody than any in its history since 1814. Four were running night gun battles and two were carrier-air actions of the Coral Sea type. There were a score of minor naval actions without names and a number of submarine engagements. Some thirty times Guadalcanal's land-based planes attacked ships. Overhead, the Marine, Navy, and Air Corps pilots put on a daily,

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costly show with the Imperial Japanese Air Force. While ashore the ground action was a jungle nightmare from the Battle of the Tenaru to the final evacuation of the Japanese remnants at Cape Esperance.

Those who have read or written piecemeal reports of this or that phase of Guadalcanal's war were no little appalled at the thought of doing justice to the whole of the campaign and, in doing it, retaining the unusual personal aura that is the Guadalcanal story in contrast to subsequent battles.

The ghosts and survivors of those six months of mêlée and misery in the South Pacific have found a chronicler, in Captain Samuel Eliot Morison, USN, worthy of what they hammered into history under the name of Guadalcanal. They will be duly grateful that Morison, Pulitzer Prize winner for his "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," could "not pretend to write of this stinking island with the detachment and objectivity of a trained historian . . . [for] . . . I had a part in the torment and passions . . . and sometimes feel that we are writing not for the present or posterity but for ghosts."

In "The Struggle for Guadalcanal," the fifth of his planned fourteen volumes on the U.S. Navy in World War II, Captain Morison artfully handles the task of unscrambling the elements and weaving them back into a balanced, honest, and living battle tapestry. His story does justice to each of the armed services, individually and collectively. Moreover, he has developed a surprisingly effective third-dimensional quality throughout the volume by working in the Japanese side of the picture so that the whole story has the intimacy of a novel.

Beyond the literary and historical excellence which mark the book, Captain Morison performed an even greater service to the Navy and those of Guadalcanal by his forthright, unvarnished appraisals of the faults and failures of individual commanders and units on both sides that did not measure up in action. This was proper tribute from an historian who rightly remembers Guadalcanal, with its other survivors, "not as a name but an emotion."

John A. DeChant, now an ECA official, was a marine captain and author of "Devilbirds: The Story of U.S. Marine Aviation in World War II."

Poetry. *One of the most interesting careers in contemporary poetry has been that of Edith Sitwell, who began as a sort of prestidigitator of words and has developed into a significant interpreter of erring humanity, without at all sacrificing her skilled arrangements of phrase. Her brother Sir Osbert Sitwell, also a fine poet, is reviewed with her. . . . Lloyd Frankenberg's remarkable analysis for the layman of modern poetry, with profuse examples both in his text and in the album of Columbia Records, "an audible anthology" that should be used in combination with the book, presents the most concrete arguments we have yet had in favor of work that superficial readers have sometimes declared difficult. . . . Minor modernists are analyzed in another review by the astute Dudley Fitts, while a fine sonnet sequence and the work of some good balladists are examined by a late president of the Poetry Society of America, A. M. Sullivan.*

Facets of the Sitwells

THE CANTICLE OF THE ROSE. Poems. 1917-1949. By Edith Sitwell. New York: Vanguard Press. 290 *pp.* $3.75.

ENGLAND RECLAIMED and Other Poems. By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown & Co. 122 *pp.* $2.75.

By I. L. Salomon

THE canticle of the rose is a poet's hymn affirming life, the singer redeemed, and civilization saved in the name of Christ. It is the title Edith Sitwell has given to a selection of her poetry, and this volume implements the conviction that she ranks with the important poets of our time. Favored by her own introduction, a masterful defense of her own versification, "The Canticle of the Rose" contains the "Bucolic Comedies," the complete "Façade," "Gold Coast Customs," and, finally, the magnificent poems written, after an hiatus, in the last ten years, "Green Song," "The Song of the Cold," the songs from the "Canticle," and the concluding hymns on this atomic age.

For the greater part of her literary life, Miss Sitwell had been content to fashion precise, bright poems on subjects as far from humanity as her derisive wit could sustain her. Not theme but technique was of prime importance to her. She experimented with rhythms, hushed and ghostly or reiterative as a drum-call; made all manner of rhymes in assonance and dissonance, inquired into the natural speed of short and long vowels, and deliberately weighed the effect of the inflections of tone on the ear. In short, her abstract poems as in "Façade" were, she admits, virtuoso exercises.

At this time she was plagued with an unconscionable desire to be part of the mainstream of poetry, and her ear was so keen she appropriated the texture of her fellow Englishmen and her transatlantic contemporaries, as witness her indebtedness to Vachel Lindsay (In short, her scandalous reputation/ Has shocked the whole of the Hellish nation), to Keats (no birdthroat can sing), to Amy Lowell (A ghost in a gown/ Like a stiff brigade), and to herself (And that smooth nymph that changed into a tree), this last twice repeated in different poems. No poet of the heart, she became an adroit manipulator of words, and her experimental period ends in 1929 with "Gold Coast Customs," a poem surcharged with barbaric splendor. Reminiscent of "The Congo," it is concerned with the ceremonies or customs attending the human blood rites of cannibals, in which the ritual is appropriately contrasted with London society and the London poor; the poem is prophetic of the late war.

The catastrophic impact of World War II forced Edith Sitwell's hand. Her early work was replete with glittering conceit, bright image, and satiric disdain. Her philosophy of poetry was rooted in Blake (she makes such acknowledgment in "Poetry and Criticism"), but the tensions in her personality did not permit her to listen to the heart of humanity. Her first poem that reached towards an ultimate faith in the renewal of life was "Still Falls the Rain" (1940); this

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poem of affirmation established her as a significant poet.

The latter half of "The Canticle of the Rose" is the culmination of a lifetime of thinking in symbols. The eternal theme is humanity rising from death and defeat by the intercession of Christ. Edith Sitwell is done with experimentation. Her technique is no longer an end in itself. She uses lines of extraordinary length with considerable control, but the horror of war, the breaking of primal matter, the defiling of humanity are the subjects of her poetry. The bomb that fell on Hiroshima is for her the first symbol of final disaster in "the desert of the Cold." With the prescience of a divine, she concludes "The Canticle":

. . . . From my little span
I cry of Christ, Who is the ultimate Fire
Who will burn away the cold in the heart of Man.
Springs come, springs go. . . .
"I was reddere on Rode than the Rose in the rayne . . ."
"This smel is Crist, clepid the plantynge of the Rose in Jerico."

Sir Osbert Sitwell, whose autobiographies are superb memoirs, has produced a very deceptive book in "England Reclaimed." Part II (Foreign Parts) and Part III (Poems of the Wars) will startle the modern reader by the intelligible and imaginative appeal of the Mexican and Italian pieces and by the fierce irony of the war poems. "England Reclaimed" begins with a series of eclogues commemorating the rustic folk at Renishaw Hall, Sir Osbert's ancestral home. He says, "This record I made in an attempt to preserve for posterity their likeness," but posterity may prefer to remember not the erudite and witty commentaries on a way of life that was, but the final poems in this book.

All the poems are written with an eye to the ear, and while Sir Osbert tells us of the foibles of Mr. and Mrs. Goodbeare, Mr. and Mrs. Hague, Mr. and Mrs. Nutch with an air of delightful urbanity, only the portrait of Phoebe Southern possesses the wonder of superlative writing. It is not that Sir Osbert isn't attentive to such matters as rhythm and tonal effect, for he has indeed been influenced by his sister's experiments, but the pastoral poems are portraitures, good of their kind, but without great poetic vision.

"The Next War," written after the 1918 Armistice, is executed with concise imagery. "Aspiring Ape," "Old-Fashioned Sportsmen," "The Eternal Club," and "English Gothic" are strong, the fire of anger in them. "A Rose in the Mouth" uses extraordinary symbolism and may well mark the beginning of a new poetic era for Sir Osbert Sitwell.

Feats of Immediacy Made Audible

PLEASURE DOME: READING MODERN POETRY. By Lloyd Frankenberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 372 pp. $3.50.

By Gerard Previn Meyer

LLOYD FRANKENBERG, poet and enthusiast, has set out in his first volume of criticism to explore the potentialities of pleasure in modern poetry. Giving his closest attention to thirteen representative moderns, he finds enough evidence to support the conclusion that the reading public which avoids poetry ("readers like myself, brought up on prose") is missing something of great value. In semi-psychiatric terms he asserts:

> Through art such as this, with its demands upon the attention of the whole person, we are restored, not to a state of nature, but to that totality of experience which is the sign of organic development.

But this is not a fair sample of his style, which is often witty, and generally displays that "precision of imagination" which one would expect from a poet writing about poetry.

The poets Mr. Frankenberg assays are generally "poets' poets"—men and women of talent, even genius, who accomplish in their writing incredible feats of "immediacy" and "simultaneity"—and whose works are "heard" today ("Unhappily," says Mr. Frankenberg, "today our hearing of poetry is restricted") only within the limited circle of poets and pedants. T. S. Eliot, of course, gets full treatment; so do E. E. Cummings, Marianne Moore, and Wallace Stevens. Less space, but no less care, is given to James Stephens, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Edith Sitwell, W. H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, Robert Lowell, and Elizabeth Bishop. Ogden Nash, also included, is clearly a "sport," in more ways than one.

With the aid of copious quotation, Mr. Frankenberg proves two of his main points: "modern poetry is intelligible," and the poets he considers have achieved unique effects of "immediacy" by discovering new rela-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

A VICTORIAN NOVELIST (1812-70)

After identifying the fourteen well-known literary characters briefly described below, print their names in the spaces just above the description. The initial letters of the characters' names will spell the name of a famous Victorian novelist. Allowing thirty points for the name of the novelist and five points for each character identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 33.

1. _____
Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
2. _____
He conquered the queen of the Amazons.
3. _____
He was loved by the Lady of the Camellias.
4. _____
He was the leader of the Sherwood Forest outlaws.
5. _____
She dwelt among the untrodden ways, beside the springs of Dove.
6. _____
This sailor was missing for eleven years, so his wife remarried.
7. _____
He hypnotized Trilby.
8. _____
He turned back, to become thrice Lord Mayor of London.
9. _____
She buried her lover's head in a pot of basil.
10. _____
Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety.
11. _____
She stooped to conquer.
12. _____
The Christmas Spirit appeared to him in his dreams.
13. _____
This famous detective is fond of orchids and beer.
14. _____
He beat poor old Uncle Tom to death.

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tionships of object and poem, sound and meaning, music and image, one sense and another—"acts of translation . . . intensifying experience." But Mr. Frankenberg, who is no less honest than he is sensitive, is also compelled to note that, for example, Eliot's "emotional stacking of the cards . . . lessens our confidence in [his] statement of the *general* human predicament"; that Cummings, though he "exalts the individual," ultimately goes to the other extreme by searching for "a kind of imitative magic" that is close to primitivism; that modern poetry generally tends to overemphasize the "irony . . . that has always obtained . . . between the idealized world of poetry and the so-called actual worlds of politics, business, science, and family life"; and that, in a notable passage from Eliot's critical writings which has been accepted by most modern poets as a virtual credo, "the separation of artist and man . . . is all but complete."

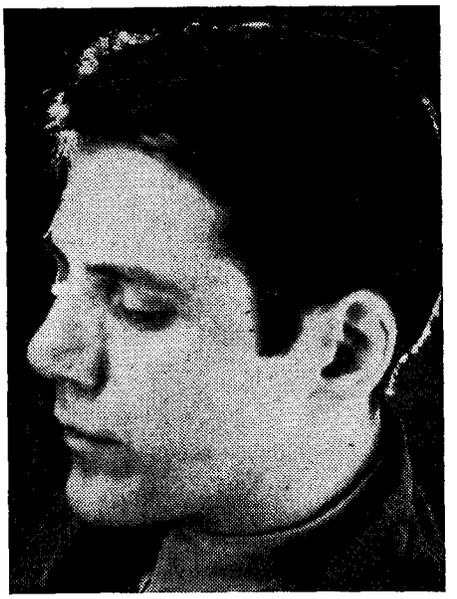
As Mr. Frankenberg makes abundantly clear, our best modern poets (the best we have) have perfected a marvelously sensitive instrument. But with some honorable exceptions, the question still remains unanswered: to what worthy end? Kubla Khan's "pleasure dome" was indeed "a miracle of rare device"; but when one remembers that it also was distinguished for having "caves of ice," one is somewhat chilled.

In connection with the book "Pleasure Dome," Mr. Frankenberg has persuaded Columbia Records to issue "an audible anthology of modern poetry read by its creators," which supplements his presentation through the printed word. LP record ML 4259 (also called "Pleasure Dome") includes representative readings by eight of the poets treated, none of which readings (with the exception of T. S. Eliot's) have previously been recorded for "the listening audience."

The two "Pleasure Domes"—book and record—amount to a double-barreled attack upon the alleged unintelligibility of modern poetry and remind us that whosoever would scale the bastions of poetry today has at his command a considerable degree of technological know-how. But the human element enters in, after all; listening to the voices of the poets projecting their own works, I found myself as much interested in the personalities thus revealed as I was in the poems themselves.

Eliot displays an expected dramatic sense, which confirms the impression that an astute showman lurks behind that diaconal exterior. Marianne Moore reads with admirable emotion, belying her intellectualist reputation. I was unprepared for the studied way in which E. E. Cummings read, as well as for the innocuous sound of his tricks with syntax. William Carlos Williams, heard, is youthful and tender; his poetry moves steadily along, like prose, yet remains poetry. Ogden Nash's rhymes pop up in a well-bred manner, rather than exploding like "rhyme-bombs" (Mr. Frankenberg's whimsy); in the reading, more's the pity, the outrageous spellings are lost. (Can it be that there is *no* more here than meets the eye?)

The freshest and richest voice in the "audible anthology" is probably that of Dylan Thomas, as befits a Welshman. He maintains a fine emotional tone. I regret that Auden's readings do not inspire a like enthusiasm; listening to "Ballad," I could have wished that this ominous work, so effective in print, had been sung as its anonymous ancestors have been. And Elizabeth Bishop's rhythms are so close to those of prose that, for this listener at least, their "cumulative dramatic pace" (Mr. Frankenberg's description) failed to register.



Lloyd Frankenberg—"no less honest than he is sensitive."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 824)

RUDYARD KIPLING:
THE FRENCH WARS
(Napoleonic)

If the ships that were sunk* could be floated once more,
.....
There'd be biremes.....and sloops,
Cogs, carracks, and galleons with gay gilded poops,
Hoys, caravels, ketches, corvettes and the rest
As thick as regattas, from Ramsgate to Brest.
*In the English Channel

Artifice and Art

THE METAPHYSICAL NEEDLE. By Madeline Gleason. San Francisco: The Centaur Press. 53 *pp.* $2.50.

POEMS 1943-1949. *By Francis Golffing. Cummington, Mass.: The Cummington Press.* 42 *pp.* $2.75.

SLEEP IN A NEST OF FLAMES. By Charles Henri Ford. New York: New Directions. 64 *pp.* $2.50.

By DUDLEY FITTS

AT TIMES one feels as one examines the strictly limited, exquisitely printed editions of small collections of verse which are constantly appearing that the poems are somehow being determined by the format. This feeling may be erroneous: I have not yet tested it by reducing a page of Cummington or Banyan or Centaur elegance to the crudity of typescript on cheap paper, but I have an idea that most of the poems in the first two of these three books would, if so treated, dissolve into the air, into thin air. Certainly Miss Gleason's, shorn of their accidental prettiness, would look like ghosts, and this in spite of a (numerically, at any rate) rich apparatus of mythological and quasi-factual referents — Narcissus (alas, he rimes with "kisses"!), Arion, "my universal Harry," dolphins, Ygdrasil, the Blind Man & the Rockinghorse, to select a few at random. There is considerable lyric agitation here, but it is fussy, moonily well meant, and, as experience, negligible. The manner is intended to be metaphysical, gnomic; but

Do I have charity: is it mine?
Love brother sick,
Needy, seedy?
Nein Nein.

This opening stanza, from a poem entitled "Nein Nein," is typical. It is curiously wrought, it has strangeness, but it is a prelude merely to more of the same gesturing, and to what do the gestures point? Why, for example, since there is no other Germanic element in the poem, are we given "Nein Nein"? Reading "Do I have charity in me yet?," would not "Nyet Nyet" be as appropriate an answer?

Or Mr. Golffing. Mr. Golffing is not exquisitely daft in the "Nein Nein" way: he makes more of an impression of saying something, and often he succeeds in spite of himself. For he is untiring in his efforts to contort, constrict, to hammer himself into a tinily precious jewel, to make his poems as elegant as The Cummington Press has made his book. Really he seems to be at war with himself, a man taking

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great pains to petrify, to stylize beautifully whatever generous lyric impulse arises. Consequently, while one is frequently forced—the word is exact—to admire him as a technician, the product is all too often clever costume jewelry. His *bravura*, such as it is, is the hoo-hooing and the azay-azaying of a very minor Stevens; hence the daring emergence of "Toonerville," "Ring Lardner," and such tropes as "perverse eidolon," "The poet's *je m'en fous*," "Compel me quite, you erstwhile governor." The effect is rarified, costive.

Actually, Charles Henri Ford belongs to this school. He can be as precious as any of them and, since he is less inhibited, much sillier than most. But there is more blood in his veins, and when he discards the jeweled mask and puts off his tiresome air of "the poet's *je m'en fous*," he writes poetry. Edith Sitwell, in her more than appreciative introduction, clearly overestimates his powers, but she is right in finding the authentic strangeness here, the virtuosity which does not exist for its own sake, but which is an ordered and meaningful organic part of the whole. From "Narcissus in Winter," for instance:

Shiver, then, by the faint water,
clip the ferns of ice with your teeth;
the body of the black snake falters
and flows from the palms of your feet.

The leaf curled in the snow's mouth
repeats your hand whose lines are prone,
separate as a branch the blizzard brought
to remind you of Echo's bones.

This is wholly admirable. In the first place, the whole Narcissus-Echo myth is in it, implied, not stated: the loving self-examination, the strange instancy of fern, leaf, hand, worthy of a passage from Tchelitchev (to whom the book is dedicated), and then, the sensitively modulated economy of the poem, an effect which is managed without the least feeling of wilful compression (as in Mr. Golffing) or queerness. Perhaps to achieve this as often as he does is to merit Dr. Sitwell's praise; I shall not quarrel with it, but I must confess to exasperation when I encounter a hundred-item "Counting Game" of unsurpassable inanity or this "Joke," from "Xmas Gift":

Love is a little girl walking down the street
She comes back this way and doesn't seem so sweet
I hate to see her walking down that street once more
The next time she walks by she'll be a full-fledged whore.

Without being too solemn about it, let's say that this is tasteless and wasteful. It is the comic cut-up, the Wise Clown of the Age. Cummings could have made a poem of it, and how brilliantly! But Mr. Ford is no Cummings, and the pose of the Wise Clown is more deadly even than that of the Costume Jeweler. The latter is prettily tedious but the former strikes at the spirit of today's art.

Poetry Notes

FEATHER IN THE SUN, by W. E. Bard. The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas. $2. The evangelistic strain in the poems of William Earl Bard is easily traced to his years in the Methodist pulpit, but there is little trace of the Watts and Wesley hymns in his poems of the Southwest. There is, however, a Biblical strength in several of vigorous chants, especially "Texas Pioneers."

A dribble of the seed-corn from the endgates of their wagons
Has sown a half-a-continent.
Before they laid them down to tented sleep,
Their gusty laughter shook the mountains.

The ballads have an authentic swing and tempt the baritone with the guitar to start strumming and singing of "Sarah Burleson" and "Wild Horse Bob Crosby." One is tempted to pun on the name of a poet, aptly named Bard, who is essentially a singer and story-teller. In his serious poems, Bard is candidly sentimental and less interesting. He complains:

All of my life a golden song
Beats softly through the stars
But all I've captured, listening long
Is half a dozen bars.

Bard can fashion a neat, effective sonnet as charming as the "Mockingbird in Winter," who "tilts his head and half the world's a-bloom." If Mr. Bard is occasionally moralistic, he offers a refreshing affirmative stance for which we can be grateful.

THE VISION OF RED O'SHEA, by Russell Janney. Coward-McCann. $1.75. The author describes his ballad as "a melodrama in rhyme," and he is not guilty of understatement. Russell Janney, known to us for "The Miracle of the Bells," shows considerable skill as a balladeer and tells the story of "Luckie Lu," the Harlem "hi-yalla" gal, and her bad boy friend through the voice of Red O'Shea, the bartender. Just to sample the accent and rhyme scheme:

I'm barkeep of the Paradise,—a joint, up Harlem way.
The customers is black—or white. Just so as they can pay.
My boss is black. His missus white. They tag me Red O'Shea.

From then on Red O'Shea spins the yarn of the tart, "Luckie Lu," her jealous gangster lover, and her admiring boy friend, who is rubbed out in a vicious triangle, while the gangster eventually gets the "hot seat." With all the organ stops open, and credulity blown to the winds, the scene then shifts to an island in the Pacific, where "Luckie Lu" seeks redemption as a nurse. Next comes Red's vision of the tan girl redeemed when she is

(*Continued on page* 36)

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 343

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 343 will be found in the next issue.

NACNAPO WNA PDA

JWPQNWH LNKLANPU KB

CNWU DWEN. —YDWNHAO

ZEYGAJO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 342

Some people are so fond of ill-luck that they run half-way to meet it.

—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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U.S.A. *Some of the most memorable work of the journalist, the man who writes with one eye always peeled on the clock, has been collected in Louis L. Snyder's and Richard B. Morris's large and continually absorbing "Treasury of Great Reporting," reviewed here a few weeks ago [SRL Dec. 17]. For his enterprise as well as for the vast physical and monetary resources at his command, the American journalist has become recognized as the top contemporary practitioner of his craft. Yet there are those who believe the American press somewhat less than perfect—see, for example, George Seldes's "The People Don't Know." Another new book, "Dateline: Washington," memorializes the press corps of the Capital and particularly the National Press Club. The ten journalists who contributed reports on their native commonwealths to "Our Sovereign State" tend, in our reviewer's opinion, to be overly romantic in both their praise and blame.*

Cross-Country Parade of Alarums

OUR SOVEREIGN STATE. Edited by Robert S. Allen. New York: Vanguard Press. 412 pp. $5.

By T. V. Smith

"CRITICISM without a fulcrum" makes for uneasy enjoyment. I admit, with a sort of sense of guilt, that I enjoyed reading this book. These journalists (ten of the twelve contributors are professional newsmen) know how to write; how to make things clear, vivid, and lurid. The vividness and clarity arise chiefly from oversimplification and the luridity comes from emphasis upon what is adverse to civic virtue, if not downright politically perverse. Only one state is pointed to with uniform pride, Illinois; and it because of political changes which are too recent to count them as "firm."

This parade of alarums is led by its editor, energetic Robert S. Allen. He sets the pace in a sprightly introduction, luridly entitled, "The Shame of the States." In tone reminiscent to a fellow soldier of Col. Allen's Army boss (and one time mine), General Patton, he declares, "State government is the tawdriest, most incompetent, and most stultifying unit of the nation's structure." From that low start he dives still lower, with only time to catch his breath: "The legislatures are the bawdy houses of state government. Without exception, legislatures, as a whole, are shambles of mediocrity, incompetence, hooliganism, and venality."

While Allen's contributors cannot maintain this pace, they do amble along as lively as they can in the same general spirit. The praise, when rarely indulged, tends to be like the blame, romantic. The story of Nebraska, for instance, closes on this note: "There is much to be done. Yet in all it has done, and in all that it has failed to do, Nebraska is beautiful." Now that is plainly too much, even (I would admit) for *Texas*! But so it goes. Call the roll of the twelve states, with echoes appended of their subtitles or of emphases recurring:

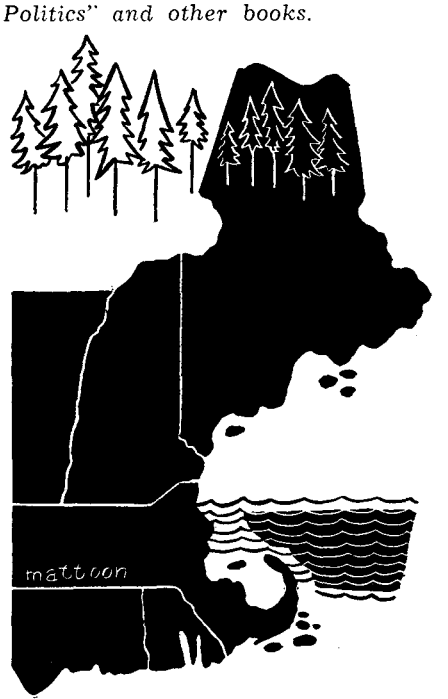
California: not even three years of centennial celebrations can obscure "an outsized political and legislative mess of national as well as local significance."
Georgia: a romantic but rotten borough.
Illinois: a frowsy past but a "new look" for the moment.
Louisiana: the Pelican State, "a beak too big for its belly."
Massachusetts: more memory than imagination.
Nebraska: a one-man liberalism, but Norris now dead.
New York: back-sliding both in state and city.
Ohio: rustic-ridden, and absent-minded of state because of national ambition.
Pennsylvania: rich but rotten with centralized bossism.
Texas: smudged with oil.
Utah: pious, conservative, and contrary.
Wisconsin: a has-been, and a possible may-be.

So it goes and goes. If one took all this seriously—as constituting a fair and firm picture of our "sovereign" states—he would disbelieve that they have struggled along as governmental units for a century and more and would surely despair of their further survival. Yet he surmises between the lines and he sees outside the lines that, though the states be sunk in sin and drowned in iniquity, there are citizens that love them yet.

Something is missing from the picture, something to explain why a governmental entity so hideous can yet win homage. It is experience with that "something" here missing which leaves tinged with guilt my enjoyment of this muckraking book. It is respect for the "fulcrum," here absent, which discloses pulchritude shining above putridity. To criticize the states justly and fruitfully one must know, with Holmes, that "it is no sufficient condemnation of legislation that it favors one class at the expense of another." That puts in perspective the chief putridity here scented: the role of lobbyists in state [and in all!] government. The other "fulcrum" is acknowledgment, with Holmes also, that if "men have the qualities of their defects, we must allow them the defects of their qualities."

What, in short, political criticism requires to *sustain* unguilty enjoyment is a realistic assessment as to what government is about, at what price, and some sober anticipation of the modicum of private expectation which can be at the best fulfilled through collective means. As judged by such standards, the states stand, and will stand, while such critics as these roam still as romantic babes in the woods of wonderland.

T. V. Smith, professor of political science at Syracuse University, is author of "The Promise of American Politics" and other books.



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Press Distortion

THE PEOPLE DON'T KNOW. By George Seldes. New York: Gaer Assoc. 342 pp. $3.

By Herbert Brucker

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, when war came in 1939, called us "the most enlightened and best informed people in all the world." According to George Seldes that just isn't so. The American people don't know what is going on in the world. The reason? It's Mr. Seldes's old favorite, malevolent distortion by the American press. William Randolph Hearst, Roy W. Howard, Colonel McCormick, the Patterson-McCormick group—these especially feel Mr. Seldes's lash. But their papers, Mr. Seldes insists, are only a little worse than all the rest. This book is Mr. Seldes's prewar "Lords of the Press" in cold-war dress.

It will not do to dismiss Mr. Seldes's denunciations with silence or with the smug assertion that everything about our press is for the best as is. Much that he says about the biased presentation of Franco Spain by some newspapers has truth in it. So, too, does a part of his account of the affair of Archbishop Stepinac in Yugoslavia and his analysis of the story that drugs were used to torture Hungary's Cardinal Mindszenty into confession.

Even less open to dispute is Mr. Seldes's harpooning of the scoop psychology of American journalism. He documents his charges that our journalistic mores, with their emphasis on not being left behind by the opposition and the pressure of headlines, distort and sensationalize the truth. Witness his case on the unfounded rumors of Russian submarines off Java, the Aleutians, and elsewhere.

He is also right in debunking other cold-war scares, with the help of reports from correspondents of unquestioned integrity like William McGaffin of the *Chicago Daily News*. He is right again in assuring us that when we look at Europe from our side of the lines in the cold war we see in terms of black and white that do not correspond with the actual shadings of European thought. Those who have been abroad since the war will agree that Mr. Seldes is on the beam when he says that Europe's millions, including non-Communists and anti-Communists, are less anxious to fight on our side in a hot war than they are anxious not to fight anyone. Whether this means, as Mr. Seldes says, that in a showdown we shall have no allies abroad is another matter.

We do live in a world of our own and that world is made in good part of daily doses of news. And because of surviving defects in our journalism what we read does not always reflect the facts. Mr. Hearst, Mr. Seldes's bête noire, the *New York World-Telegram*, and numerous others do many things of which working newspapermen are ashamed.

That much being said, it becomes necessary to tell the other side of the story, which Mr. Seldes never mentions. He quotes Lord Tennyson to the effect that "a lie which is part a truth" is hardest of all to fight. His purpose, of course, is to argue that the newspapers distort by printing half-truths deliberately. But the rigged selection of facts that make up his book is a glaring example of what Mr. Seldes objects to when others do it.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Seldes's past writings need not be warned that he looks upon Soviet Russia, whether through innocence or guile, with much the same sympathy as Henry Wallace. During the war, for example, Russian soldiers and civilians "gave their lives to help save the British Empire." Not, apparently, to save Russia. Mr. Seldes does not so much as mention, even as a possibility, the thought that Soviet Communism might be a menace.

Mr. Seldes ends with a ten-point challenge to editors and publishers that contains much food for thought. But as usual it is contaminated with much that no one not pretty deeply committed to the Soviet gospel can accept. Mr. Seldes concludes, for example, that "if there are any curtains —paper, silken, or iron—anywhere in the world, they can be found close to home, and notably in the American daily press." To say this, without even a bow in the direction of a suspicion that the Russian press and people might be less free than ours, is either ignorance or dirty work. The heavy admixture of this kind of thing throughout the book cuts the ground out from under much else that Mr. Seldes might have said with effect, had he let it stand by itself.

Herbert Brucker is editor of the Hartford Courant.

Correspondence, D. C.

DATELINE: WASHINGTON. Edited by Cabell Phillips. New York: Doubleday & Co. 307 pp. $4.

By Jonathan Daniels

FOR members of the National Press Club in Washington this book may be a memorial volume for its new bars or its fortieth anniversary. For other Americans, inevitably, it is a book about the processes and personalities through and by which they get the news of our Government and much of the news of their world.

An admirable job has been done in both respects. Yet both come to the one conclusion that the Washington correspondent is the American reporter, hard-working and often hard-drinking, romantic about himself if sometimes cynical-talking about his world, a man self-consciously aware of the new complexities of the Government he reports, but aware also that in the Capitol, as in the basement of the City Hall, the American news pattern is always the story of an affray.

This is not directly said in any simple declaratory sentence. Indeed, if some of the more solemn of the writers are to be believed, the complexities of the New Deal and the atomic bomb have produced a new corps of specialists, double-domed with special information. The very first paragraph of the book says that one of the contributors, Arthur Krock, chief of *The New York Times* bureau, has won prizes not for reporting but for "reportage." In the last chapter of the book Carter Brooke Jones makes good-natured fun in the family of the ex-police reporter who as a Washington correspondent does not care to be reminded of those days when he was concerned only with cadavers and cops. If he has not become a "reportager" he has become a journalist who dresses like a diplomat and talks—and even writes—like a bureaucrat.

The whole spirit of "Dateline: Washington" seems one in emphasis and verification of the Hollywood version of the newspaper reporter in America. Duncan Aikman, Bascom Timmons, Thomas L. Stokes, and others have recorded the history of a multiplying press with more and more complicated concerns. There is some serious reporting on reporting, broadcasting, and news photography in time of peace and time of war. Mr. Krock stresses the increasing responsibility of specialists and students.

But Hugh Morrow's story of the erec-

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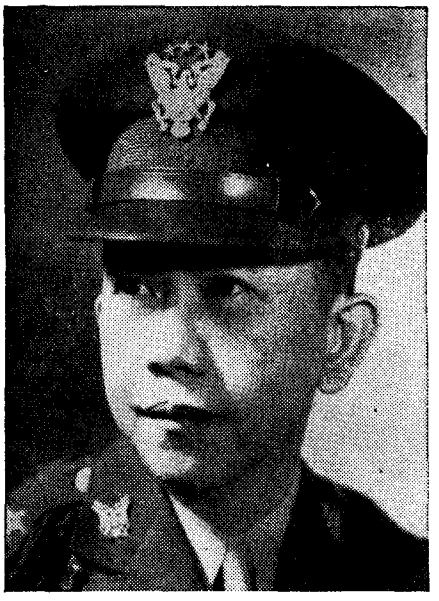
tion and financing of the great National Press Club Building (which the club at last hopes really to own) is clearly one about an enterprise which could only have been dreamed up by newspapermen in a bar. And certainly there are no more vivid passages in the book's whole collection of pieces than those directly related to journalistic eating and drinking contributed by Homer Joseph Dodge, whose specialty as a reporter is finance.

Cabell Phillips, four other editors, and nineteen contributors have done a fine job in terms of both the history of the Washington press corps and its anatomy. Some of the pieces are better than others. But the whole book adds up to fine and informative reading.

The Voice of Liberty

By General Carlos P. Romulo



EDITOR'S NOTE: *General Romulo, Philippine Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the United Nations, who last September was elected President of the fourth session of the UN's General Assembly, wrote this poem early this winter on a train en route from Washington to New York. He read it before the Academy of American Poets on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City. During his extraordinarily active lifetime he has been a newspaper publisher, editor, university English professor, playwright, veteran of the United States and Philippine armies, and the last man to leave Bataan. An old friend of* SRL, *General Romulo sent this poem to its editors the day after delivering it to the Academy of American Poets.*

I BRING the voice of bold, unfettered men
The voice that will not die
Through this and ages still to be
The price be fire or blood.
Sweeping the full extent of history,
Its substance, immanent, sublime,
Imparts the answer to our kind being here,
Not like the savage brute
Bereft of faith or hope,
But standing up to God
Within the harmony of space and time. . . .

If troubled hands should seek to mute
Its accents firm and clear
That men and women free
Might circumscribe their ken
Within the narrow scope
Of prejudice and hate,
Then all their doubt and fear
Spread by relentless hordes
Seeking but Mammon's gain,
Can by unfaithful words
Becloud and desecrate
Its mandate but in vain.

Ere Man devised his rule of Law
To reaffirm the higher and divine,
Ere mosque or synagogue or shrine
Took root upon this earth,
This voice was heard in awe
By human ears perverse,
And then he saw the birth
Of Truth that spanned the universe . . .

Out of the maelstrom of the elements,
Resounding with the force
Of ruthless hurricanes,
It came to strike and lash
At dungeon gates of steel
Tearing into the paths
Of empires, to reverse
The misdirected course
Of tyrannies that tried to crush
The guiltless in their chains,
And hold back in their wraths
Communes and parliaments.

Across the distant meadow plains
Of Runnymede, where Common Man,
Roused from the anguish of his hearth,
Laid down the Charter of his will
That all his peers who bore
The cross of Arrogance
Might live and slave no more;
Into the iron cells of the Bastille
Where despots came in ire
Their victims to disgorge;
Over the battlefields of Bunker Hill,
Of Concord, Valley Forge;
Against the cannon and the fire
That thundered through Bataan
And paved the foe's advance
On proud Corregidor—
It swept to bring rebirth
To muted faiths, and renaissance
To dying sacraments. . . .

The thunder and the crash are gone
Leaving but ugly scars
Across the shadowland of dismal years;
Dark memories of youth
Betrayed in senseless wars,
Of men who gave their blood
To serve ambitions mad—
These only, and the tears,
Of bitterness remain
For little things hard won. . . .

So much is gone, so much of peace,
Of love, of light, of truth
In each remembered death;
Yet, ere the sighings cease,
War's foul and searing breath
May burn the land again
Where heavy iron bars
Of cults and creeds are down
And sullen frontiers frown
Upon a world in fears. . . .

Then once again the potent power
That makes the eagle soar
Above the highest peak,
Beyond the farthest sky,
Will strike the fatal hour
For those who would deny
The freedom of the mind;
And sternly, bold, unfettered men,
By word of tongue or pen,
In terms of Truth will speak,
As they have done before,
The faith of Humankind;
While multitudes, unchained and free,
Will wave the battleflags and sing
The Hymn of Liberty. . . .

This be the immortal Voice I bring—
The Voice that will not die.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Prophecy for 1950

ALONG with the good resolutions which are so rarely kept, January is the month dedicated to prophecy. We have already heard from the political, scientific, and economic soothsayers, who have severally reported that in the coming year there are dark clouds ahead, prodigious achievements, and continued prosperity. Though every hour of night and day and year flow calmly through the endless current of time, man's hopes and fears are like the peaks and valleys of a stormy sea. The coming year can appear to be a savage enemy or a helping friend; it may lead to disaster, to the shipwreck of our hopes, to a new achievement, or to a tranquil harbor. It contains at the same time everything that a man may want and everything that he fears. When men and women cry "A Happy New Year!" to each other they are following an ancient rite; they are metaphorically crossing their fingers to ward off evil from their friends, trusting in the magic powers of a few ritual words.

In this spirit we wish American writers, and those of other nations whom we may be privileged to read, a year of grace. However perilous it may be, we shall venture a prophecy, trusting that we may not have to look back upon it too wryly a year hence, or that it may be forgotten if it proves to be wrong.

For the last three years we have felt, along with a majority of the critics who watch the steady flow of our literature, that too many of the younger men and women, and especially the newcomers, have for one reason or another misinterpreted the American scene, or have failed to understand the spirit that has animated the people of this country. It is safe to say that never, except perhaps in the heart of the Depression, have there been so many books by writers who despaired of the future, or who have looked upon the present with anger and disgust. Every sin that we have committed against ourselves has been exposed, from poverty in our city slums to racial intolerance, and only too often the continuing efforts to alleviate these ancient curses laid upon mankind have been met with ridicule and hostility.

Unless a nation is suffering under the cruelty and tyranny of its government, unless it lives in hopeless bondage to misery and hunger, a national literature that is not based on political revolution cannot be maintained at this despairing level. For on the whole the people of America are free; there is an abundance of prosperity and an outpouring of the products of the soil and the factories such as the world has never witnessed except in time of war. On the whole, they are as happy as the people of a great nation can be when they have emerged from a war that was to put an end to all wars, and now find themselves under the shadow of another.

Our prophecy for 1950 is that there will be less of this abysmal writing than we have seen during the last five years. We believe that in our novels there will be fewer neurotics, psychiatrists, and insane asylums, fewer lynchings and perversions, fewer violent exposés of evils that will require time to cure. We believe that there will be more writers who base their work on their observations of the behavior of human beings toward each other rather than on a melodramatic or shocking plot. We believe that there will be an increasing interest in the style and the manner in which a book is written, that there will be more wit and less fury displayed by the writers who have experienced the catharsis that comes from turning themselves inside out. We may prefer beating one's breast to slapping people on the back, but surely there is a happy medium between them. We hope that there will be fewer works about quaintly peculiar grandmothers and alcoholic grandfathers, and that fewer people in books will wind up in the gutter, the insane asylum, or the morgue. We wish, in fact, for the thousands of still unborn characters who will become familiar to us in 1950 a happier new year than they might have had for a long time. Finally, we predict one of the best years for writers and publishers and the readers of books than we have seen since the war.

—H. S.

Hervey Allen

THE death of Hervey Allen at the close of the old year brought to an end a literary career that no one who knew him in his earlier years could have predicted. He was first an excellent poet and a teacher, a man who might well have been an admiral in the recent war if he had not been honorably dismissed in his youth from our Naval Academy at Annapolis for overstraining himself on the athletic field. He fought under Pershing on the Mexican border and was twice invalided for wounds in the First World War. He taught English and lectured at Harvard and Vassar,

Personal Footnote

In a Volume of Robinson Jeffers

By Harold Zlotnik

YOU be the ruler of your manless hill,
Unsullied surf, and swans in wildness flying;
Give me the oceans of the human will
With waves of birthing, wedding, and of dying.
You on your solitude's trapeze may swing
Your mind toward stars transhuman and apart;
I search for new Orions people bring
Within the star-filled heavens of the heart.
Sing of your sea-wise heron, hawk, and gull,
Unevil and unhateful and unyoked;
For me, the flocks of urban birds annul
The lonely universe that you've invoked.
For you, the world's catharsis, purging man;
For me, magnificence when thought began.

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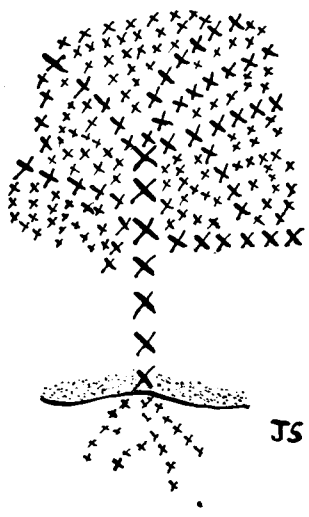
founded the Poetry Society of South Carolina, and wrote what is still one of the best biographies of Edgar Allen Poe. He was destined apparently to be a distinguished man of letters and a professor of English, but his deep interest in the Napoleonic Era in Europe led to his writing a fabulously successful historical novel which sold by the hundreds of thousands and was eventually translated into eighteen languages. "Anthony Adverse" was more than a triple-decker romance. It was a revolution in a popular form of literature that had become formalized and sterile. Even after "Gone with the Wind" appeared it continued to be one of the most widely sold historical novels of all time. As the work of a sedate teacher and writer of forty-four years, who had successfully concealed his dreams of high adventure in war and love under the cloak of scholarship, it was a fabulous achievement.

Hervey Allen's untimely death has left uncompleted an immense chronicle of Colonial America in five volumes, which was to have been known as "The Disinherited." The third and last volume of the series, "Toward the Morning," was published two years ago. Hervey Allen will long be celebrated for his literary achievements, but his friends will remember the industrious and creative man whose success had never altered his even temper or diminished his generous sympathy and his understanding for all mankind.

—H. S.

Atomic Age Fables



XXVII: The Theoretical Tree

"CAN there be a tree in the desert of which there is no knowledge?" asked a theoretical teacher.

"Will we ever solve that problem?" implored a theoretical scholar.

"Of course not," answered the theoretical teacher, "theoretically, it was never meant to be solved, but it helps to pass the theoretical time."

—J. S.

Bookmarks

Glancing through the fine new Knopf edition of Mrs. Frances Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," we were given pause by her statement that members of Congress (as of 1830, that is) "must be presumed to be the *élite* of the entire body of citizens, both in respect to talent and education." If that presumption is no longer tenable, the fault is ours as the rest of the body of citizens—a truism that loses none of its validity for being true. Let us forget the cause and consider the effect. For several political generations, our Senators and Representatives have been the butt of cartoonist, paragrapher, cracker-barrel philosopher, vaudeville performer, poet, playwright, and ordinary citizen. It has not been easy to take, but they have taken it, turning the other cheek for the blow and continuing the maneuver in humiliating iteration.

Today the cheek is no longer being turned. Members of Congress have found that in the committee, practically any committee, they possess a weapon whose capacity for retaliatory fire far outweighs the effect of the sporadic sniper bursts of their belittlers. They are getting their own back plus. If a few reputations go by the board in the process, that is the hard luck of the owners of the reputations. Today, if one cannot perhaps respect one's Representative, one can at least be scared to death of him. And that, from his point of view, is better than the poke in the eye he had got used to, but never really enjoyed.

* * *

Roger Fulford's "The Prince Consort," a highly readable brief biography of the man but for whom the Prince Albert coat would have been called something else, gives due credit and endorsement to the official five-volume life of the Prince written by Theodore Martin—a book "of the first importance," and one to be "neglected by students of the nineteenth century at their peril." Even members of the Queen's own family objected to its detail and its personal revelations, a criticism which brought from her this rebuttal to one of them, which Mr. Fulford quotes:

> Then you must also remember, that endless false and untrue things have been written and said about us, public and private, and that in these days people will write and will know; therefore the only way to counteract this is to let the real, full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion, and then no harm, but good, will be done. Nothing will help me more than that my people should see what I have lost.

Evidently one of the least Victorian phenomena of the Victorian era was Queen Victoria.

* * *

The immortality of James Whitcomb Riley is now assured. The New York Central has named a train after him. It runs daily between Cincinnati and Chicago by way of Indianapolis. An eight-page folder, which includes three entire Riley poems and stanzas from several others, plus numerous photographs of Riley association, informs us that the new caravan, which is completely air-conditioned, consists of "new de luxe coaches with deep, comfortable, multiposture seats, and broad scenic-view windows, a new coach observation lounge car, and new last-word dining cars." By one of those fantastic coincidences with which American history is peppered, James Whitcomb Riley was born on the day Edgar Allan Poe died. How about the Baltimore & Ohio naming a train for Poe, with special attention to a new last-word bar?

* * *

National motto of Lilliput: Every king an inch.

* * *

Eheu fugaces, and so on. The books reviewed in the first number of *The Atlantic Monthly* (November, 1857) were:

> THE GREYSON LETTERS. Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by Henry Rogers.
>
> ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. By Peter Bayne, M. A., Author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual."
>
> WHITE LIES. A Novel. By Charles Reade.
>
> BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS. By Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D., and Rev. J. C. Fletcher.
>
> THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT. Revised by himself, and edited, with an introduction, by S. Adams Lee.

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Alma Mater's Function

SIR: Talking, as you were, about education ["John Dewey Issue," *SRL* Oct. 22], I am having trouble with the fine college job I had done on me some years ago. Every now and then the faculty of my college gets a professor who stands out above the horizon because he expresses unusual opinions. Invariably, the alumni shout, "Throw the bum out!" The alumni, not the college administration, which is Grade A in such matters.

Noting over the years the automatic hostility of our alumni to any strange or new idea, I thought it would be instructive to get a definition of what it is that a college education should provide, and then apply that yardstick to our alumni to see if they got what they should have out of dear old Alma Mater. I asked five top-notch educational gents for a definition of what a college is supposed to do to its raw material. Sir, I am depressed.

The first said, "I can't answer that, short of a book." The second: "You're dead right. Go to it." The third: "What a question! I haven't nearly time enough to answer that." The fourth: "I am honored. I will try." The fifth: "Count me in. Great idea. I don't know."

If the professors don't know or can't say what they are trying to do, can you tell me? I see no reason why a college should not occasionally do a market-research on its product, same as manufacturers do. They ask us alumni for money often enough. Money for what? To keep the ivy green on the fine old towers? To build new lockers for football uniforms? To nourish the great old tradition?

To cherish a tradition, said some wise man, is to cherish a flame, not ashes. What is the flame?

R. W. RIIS.

South Kent, Conn.

John Dewey—Pro and Con

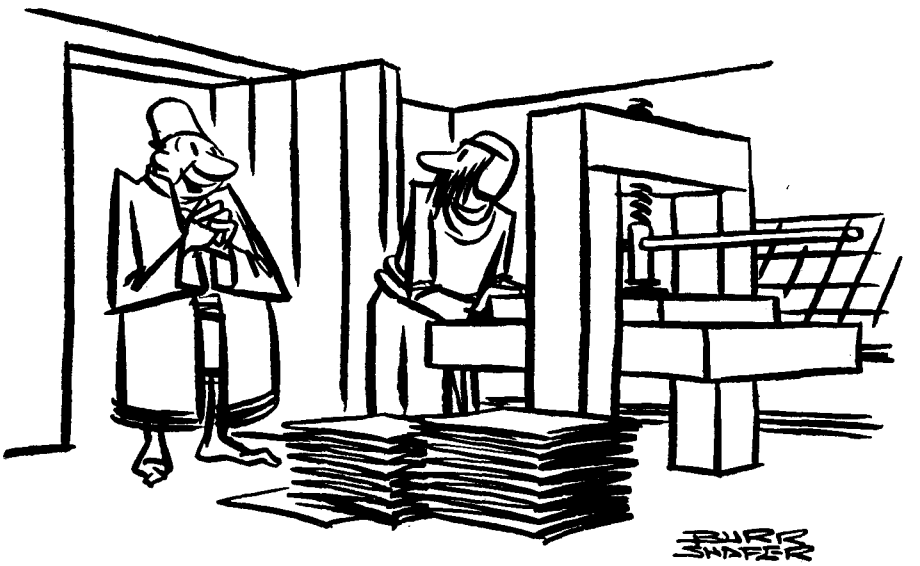
SIR: As a critic of John Dewey's philosophy in general and the influence of Dewey on methods of education in particular, Alan Thompson [LETTERS, *SRL* Dec. 3] deplores the fruits of pragmatism in the unschooled younger generation. While decrying the education "that is a never-ending process which is never good in itself," he believes in learning which is directed toward fixed goals, said goals being somehow felt to be identified with a knowledge of the classics and ancient history, and this in turn with fixed values and perhaps (who knows) with eternal truths.

There are many things wrong with any complacent theory of value which assumes that "the true," "the good," and "the beautiful" have been found and identified with existing bodies of knowledge and particular truths, goods, and beauties. As a classicist, Mr. Thompson must have known Plato's position on this matter.

The point of the matter is this: Dewey considers knowledge as a good only so far as it leads to those actions which in turn will further the growth of knowledge. The muttering of dates of strange events in ancient lands will not expand existing knowledge one jot.

HASKELL FAIN.

Richmond, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Ah, Herr Gutenberg, I represent the Government Currency Department, and we have a plan. . . ."

SIR: Those of us who regard education as attainment rather than diversion whooped with delight at Mr. Thompson's succinct and comprehensive estimate of education's debt to John Dewey.

FRANK SMOYER.

Allentown, Pa.

SIR: Alan Thompson's charge that John Dewey is responsible for today's youngsters not knowing how to read or write is baseless. When I entered college a good many years ago with hundreds of youngsters from public and private schools all over the U. S., they couldn't read or write either. They had to be taught the simple spelling, punctuation, and grammar that are usually taught in the eighth grade. These youngsters had all been trained by the old-fashioned methods of drill, study, memory, facts. How does Mr. Thompson explain *their* illiteracy?

ANNE MOWAT.

Orangeburg, N. Y.

Name Game

SIR: Perhaps you'd be interested in a game that's currently some sort of rage up here in Boston. It consists of thinking up two-word rhymes to describe situations, real, fantastic, or otherwise. For instance:

(1) A person who spends his time peering very closely at small pieces of wood. Answer: "Splinter Squinter."

(2) A very weak bar of rolled steel: "Frail Rail."

(3) Place of worship for a species of fish: "Perch Church."

(4) A member of the royal family who is new to her job: "Green Queen."

Perhaps your readers might have some exceptional ones to add.

DANIEL H. SHEINGOLD.

Boston, Mass.

"The Time Trap"

SIR: In connection with your editorial on TV ["The Time Trap," *SRL* Dec. 17], you may be interested in the following inventory of a single week's television programs, as compiled by the Southern California Association for Better Radio and Television:

> Ninety-one murders, seven stage-holdups, three kidnapings, ten thefts, four burglaries, two cases of arson, two jail breaks, one murder by explosion, two suicides, and one case of blackmail. Cases of assault and battery—too numerous to tabulate.

W. T. RICHARDSON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Reviews Protested

SIR: It seems to me a really great shame that Nelson Algren in his review could not deal with Paul Bowles's novel, "The Sheltering Sky" [*SRL* Dec. 17], in any other fashion except by way of the wisecrack.

As the author of perhaps the best novel of 1949 and as an obviously serious writer, Mr. Algren should at least be able to recognize equally serious craftsmanship in the work of others. And he should be willing to deal with such all-too-rare efforts in a serious manner.

It makes one wonder whether Mr. Algren's critical and esthetic horizons are as circumscribed as the small area of the Chicago slums about which he has written so exclusively and so well. How else could he assume that the broken wreckage in his bailiwick

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is any more human, or more tragic, or more interesting, or more important, or less thin-blooded and ghostly than the characters in "The Sheltering Sky"?

If, on the other hand, his opinion is merely the result of political bias or social preference, Mr. Algren should in justice make it clear in those terms. In any case, I'm afraid that Mr. Algren's reputation will suffer more from his review than that of Mr. Bowles.

DAVID MCDOWELL,
Publicity Director,
New Directions.

Norfolk, Conn.

SIR: I protest! In the interests of objective truth, I protest the apparently deliberate policy of *SRL* in selecting known red-baiters (whose obvious, hysterical bias is a matter for psychoanalysts) to review books from or about the Soviet Union.

The current example is, indeed, a horrendous one: Bertram D. Wolfe's so-called review of the scientific book "Economic Geography of the USSR" [*SRL* Dec. 17]. Mr. Wolfe's competence in this field has never been established, but he is assigned to review this book apparently in order that he may indulge in his profit-making specialty of USSR-baiting.

We cannot exorcize the existence of the Soviet Union nor its manifest and growing power by turning over the facts of its existence and development for consideration by men with so obvious an axe to grind. Now, I believe we must strongly criticize the Soviet Union wherever required. But they do achieve a great many successes in government, in social and economic reforms, in every phase of science, industrial and agricultural production, in public health and in education. I will not remind you that the Red Army, Red Navy, and Red Air Force displayed great genius in strategy, equipment, logistics, etc., in helping defeat Hitler.

I know you won't print this letter, but I wish you'd give those books to the "non-Communists" rather than the professional "anti-Communists" to review.

ALAN TERRON II.

(No address given)

"The Pearls of Publishing"

SIR: Of course we have found "The Pearls of Publishing" as illuminating as they are helpful. We were delighted to have our faith in "The Last of the Conquerors," by William Gardner Smith, confirmed by two votes. However, we'd like to reassure Mr. Hess, who writes, "I would like to have seen it sell 100,000 copies instead of a small fraction of that number." In our edition we have sold well over half a million copies.

DONALD DEMAREST,
Associate Editor,
New American Library.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: A wonderful idea: allowing the publishers to tell the readers and purveyors of books what they really think are the fine books of the year. Heretofore, I've been a voice crying in the wilderness my praise of Hope Muntz's "The Golden Warrior"; now I shall not allow myself to be talked down. It is an exciting adventure story and a literary masterpiece of fine and exquisite workmanship. May we have more like it!

LOUISE SMALL.

Salt Lake City, Utah

SIR: Keep up "The Pearls of Publishing." It is a real service to readers. We could stand such an evaluation more than once a year.

FRED MCKINNEY.

Columbia, Mo.

Church Controversy

SIR: It would appear to me that this controversy which has arisen out of the review of Paul Blanshard's work of flagrant bigotry has served well to show how the polemics of hate and agitation attempt to hide their true feelings under the veil of words. In so many of the letters that you have published we see the declarations of the authors of their undying devotion to truth, religious and intellectual freedom. Then, they proceed, primarily from the lack of conviction, to berate the faith and acts of faith of their adversary.

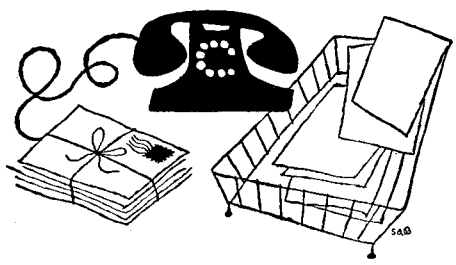
Typical of this line of argument was Miss Miriam deFord's penned gem of medley and misunderstanding [LETTERS, *SRL* Dec. 17]. She deplores the Catholic Church's "attempts to legislate for those outside its membership," as well as its being "bent on telling not only its own adherents, but all of us, what we should read, what movies and plays we should see, even how we should vote." Nothing could possibly be more ludicrous or further from the truth. Has anyone ever required Miss deFord to abstain from meat on Fridays in memory of the Passion of Christ; or required that she attend the holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays; or ever asked her to receive the Blessed Eucharist at least once a year? In these things the Catholic Church has legislated for its members. Truth is quite a different matter. What the Catholic Church declares to be true must of necessity be true for all men. It has never—and will never — compromise the complete truth.

When a person has arrived at truth there is a desire inherent in its acquisition to share it with others. It is seemingly a strange paradox that when you have truth, which is Infinite Love, in sharing it you not only retain it, but it increases in you. This then explains the ardent desire on the part of the Catholic Church to have all men share the things that it knows to be true.

R. DONALD MONKS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: After pointing out that Catholic taxpayers and parents "support free transportation, free medical examinations, and free lunches . . . in the public schools," Isabel Currier [LETTERS, *SRL* Nov. 24] remarks that "parochial schoolchildren (a minority) might have need of them, too." Miss Currier conveniently forgets that hundreds of thousands (perhaps millions) of non-Catholic taxpayers and parents have cheerfully paid the taxes that support public schools and then sent their own children to nonsectarian or Protestant or Jewish or what-have-you private schools with never a thought of asking for public funds.



GREGORY MASON.

Riverside, Conn.

SIR: It was heartening to read the forthright common sense of Taylor Caldwell, and now Isabel Currier, on the Catholic controversy. Their cool statements on a subject that is attracting more noise than mental poise are more valuable because of their evident disinterest in the Catholic Church *qua* church. Many a liberal can learn from them the immortal lesson that you can disagree without being disagreeable. But then that might be drawing perilously close to Christianity.

SALVATORE ADAMO.

Camden, N. J.

SIR: Although I agree with Miriam Allen deFord that Catholicism should not try to obtain "for its own privately operated schools the tax-supported benefits which would accrue only to tax-supported schools—to which its children are welcome," I would like to point out that in excluding their children from public schools, Catholics are easing greatly the tax burden. What would happen to the already overcrowded schools if Catholics were to suddenly avail themselves of the services of tax-supported schools? Would they be so welcome?

ANNA MAY BAKEMAN.

Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

Reply to Ernst

SIR: As usual I find myself in almost complete agreement with everything that Morris L. Ernst says ["Miasma of Suspicion," *SRL* Dec. 24]. But there was one very elementary difficulty about complying with his request. As the Mad Hatter said, "No room, No room." I was limited to the restrictions of an editorial. I should be very interested to have Mr. Ernst tell me just where I could have worked in a discussion of all these other matters in that space. And, as Mr. Ernst knows, I have written elsewhere on some of these things that he holds important. I would make only one comment. I think the source of the "miasma" a good deal deeper than Mr. Ernst suggests.

HENRY COMMAGER.

New York, N. Y.

"On Laughter"

SIR: The editorial "On Laughter" [*SRL* Nov. 26] is the best thing I have read in a long, long time. My congratulations to you and to Harrison Smith.

A. C. PALMER.

Pomfret Center, Conn.

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The Law.

Americans have always had a vaguely uneasy feeling about lawyers, judges, and the courts. This found outlet during the Colonial period in frequent references to attorneys as "parasites," during the early days of the Republic in the Jeffersonians' demands for laws written so that everyone could understand them and for the abolition of the common law. Two recent books, one by a judge, the other by a practising lawyer, undertake to explain the tradition and realities of the law and the courts to the layman as well as to other members of the profession. Although he has tried, René A. Wormser has not quite succeeded in telling the whole story in a single volume, "The Law." U. S. Circuit Court Judge Jerome Frank's "Courts on Trial" is a most lively and illuminating discussion of the role of the judge in the legal process.

Witnesses of Witnesses

COURTS ON TRIAL. By Jerome Frank. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 441 *pp.* $5.

By Arthur Garfield Hays

THIS book is an interesting, stimulating, and effective presentation by an author who knows all about his subject. He takes off the robes from judges on the bench and dissects their inner workings. He protests against the myth that the oath of office strips a judge of "all predilections, emotions, predispositions, and prejudices." He presents the fact that we all know but few of us feel, to wit: that a judge is merely one of us.

An aura surrounds the judiciary. I am not sure but what this is a good thing. When I have seen the furbelows and trappings in an English court and on an English judge, I have thought there was value in the psychological effect of a court that did not look like and inspire the emotions of a counting room. As to our courts, Judge Leventritt once remarked, "The truth will crop out, even in an affidavit."

The author is a judge, Jerome Frank, an outstanding judge, who insists that we recognize judges as human beings rather than as "passionless thinking machines." I remember an occasion years ago when, in visiting Justice Cardozo, then Judge of the Court of Appeals, on some trifling matter, he asked, "Why didn't you telephone me, Hays?" I told him it never occurred to me to telephone the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. Whereupon, he answered, "That's the trouble. Judges are lonely men."

The author goes further than to take the robes off the judges. He criticizes not only their opinions but their abilities. He points out that after all a judge sitting on the trial bench is only a witness (a witness of witnesses), whose conclusions are drawn from his observations of the demeanor and statements of witnesses. Recently an umpire in a baseball game was asked whether he always called plays as he saw them. His answer was, "I call plays as they are!" Judge Frank makes no such assumption for trial judges. In fact, he goes so far as to say that most of them should be psychoanalyzed, that they should recognize their own prejudices and biases and, perhaps, "by that very self-knowledge nullify their effect."

I have noted that in cases affecting the emotions, for instance, those involving censorship, radicalism, civil liberties, color, religion, the Court will sit impassively listening to argument, and then, irrespective of the facts or law, immediately determine the issue, the determination ordinarily showing only one thing, the kind of person who sits as judge. In these cases one is reminded of the old statement attributed to Mr. Justice Holmes: "The duty of a good judge is to look a lawyer straight in the eye and not hear a damn word he is saying."

—By Daumier, from the book jacket.

The author leaves no room for doubt as to the uncertainty of legal decisions. In spite of statements occasionally made to the contrary, law is not a science. Science makes it possible to predict. The author points out among the variables; "the idiosyncratic personalities of the individual judges and jurors." But I do not think the result in all cases is unpredictable, except in the sense that no one could have been sure that the Army football team would beat Columbia this season.

Judge Frank would do away with juries except in major criminal cases. But, somehow or other, the jury system appeals to many of us because of its imperfections. Judges feel hamstrung on doing justice where legal rules lie in their way.

There are various theories as to the social ends which a legal system is supposed to promote. Even in early trials by ordeal or battle the one thing accomplished was that the dispute was settled. It has been said that one of the purposes of a trial is to get things behind men so that they live in the future rather than in the past. Also, as the author says, "There should be an opportunity for parties to let off steam without resorting to a breach of the peace." There are those who believe that the purpose of a decision is to do justice, those who believe that the best we can do is not necessarily to do justice in a particular case but to do justice in the long run. These last believe that precedent should be strictly followed, whatever may be the consequences.

The book is full of meat. Dry legal arguments are lighted by striking words and phrases. However he felt at the beginning, any reader, lawyer, or litigant, after reading the book, would agree with the statement of Judge Learned Hand, to whom the work is dedicated:

> I must say that, as a litigant, I should dread a lawsuit beyond almost anything else short of sickness and death.

Arthur Garfield Hays is counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union and member of the New York law firm of Hays, St. John, Abramson, and Schulman. He is author of "Trial by Prejudice" and "Democracy Works," among other books.

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Anglo—American Jurisprudence

THE LAW. By René A. Wormser. New York: Simon & Schuster. 609 pp. $5.

By NEWMAN LEVY

MR. WORMSER has attempted an impossible task. He has tried to tell, within the compass of 600 pages, the story of our Anglo-American law and the influences that tended to shape it. Like Washington Irving, who began his history of the Dutch in New York in the Garden of Eden, Mr. Wormser starts with primitive man and takes us down the ages through ancient law, Jewish law, Greek law, Roman law, Germanic law, Celtic law, medieval law, canon law, Napoleonic law, English law, American law, international law, and legal philosophy.

All of this is presented with a considerable amount of historical and biographical background and is enlivened with occasional illustrative anecdote. Much research and scholarship have undoubtedly gone into the making of this book, and the author deserves an "A" for effort. It will be seen, however, that he has bitten off quite a mouthful.

It was inevitable, because of the grandiose scope of the book, that the result would be sketchy and inadequate. In an endeavor to be encyclopedically comprehensive, events of major importance and persons who played influential roles in the development of Anglo-American law are disposed of in a paragraph or two, and names that might appropriately be mentioned in an exhaustive treatise, but are of slight consequence in a book of this size, appear to be included simply for the purpose of including them.

For example, it is hard to understand why Marx and Engels receive four pages and Voltaire two, while Lord Mansfield, one of the giants of English jurisprudence, gets only one. Half of this one page explains Mansfield's authorship of the motto on our great seal, and his great contribution to the development of commercial law is disposed of in this paragraph:

> When he was made Chief Justice in 1756 he seized the opportunity to straighten out the mess of English commercial law, bringing in large pieces of the Continental law of quasi-contract, corporations, partnerships, and agency, and shaping the amalgam into a coordinated and sensible system.

This is not an unfair sample of much of the material in this book. The reader who wants to know something about Mansfield's influence upon the development of English law will have to look elsewhere.

This is Mr. Wormser's book and perhaps it is unfair for me to suggest what he should have included and what he should have left out. However, it seems to me that the subject of international law, the impact of Hitler, and the German and Japanese war trials, fascinating as these subjects may be, might well have been omitted and the space thus saved devoted to matters of greater importance in the history of our legal institutions.

The fascinating story of the development of our modern jury system deserves more space than the author gives it. To say that by the seventeenth century "the English found it necessary to devise rules of evidence" gives a totally misleading idea of the development of a process that distinguishes our trials from that of other systems. Coke's valiant battle against King James to sustain the supremacy of the law is much too summarily treated. There is no mention of Erskine's great battle for civil liberties and an enlightened law of libel. Nor is Lord Eldon mentioned at all.

What is lacking in this book is a proper balance and proportion. I do not wish to seem captious, but Mr. Wormser has done such a good job that I wish it were better. Anyone who knows nothing of legal history, and that includes many lawyers, will know more about it after reading this book. It is a lively and readable outline and as such it can serve a useful purpose. Perhaps it may stimulate some of its readers to continue their studies further.

Newman Levy, a New York lawyer, is author of "Theatre Guyed" and other light volumes.

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

George Berkeley: "Verses"

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true.

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Seeing Things

HAIL, CAESAR—AND CLEOPATRA

SHAKESPEARE got there first with his "Julius Caesar" and his "Antony and Cleopatra." But did this intimidate Shaw? It did not. Most fortunately, it did not. Instead it served him as a come-on. The Bard has always enjoyed a priority among GBS's irreverences. He took to the challenge like a cat to catnip. He was no more dismayed by his late arrival on the scene than Napoleon was by Alexander's having reached the Nile before him.

When in 1898 Shaw decided to invade Egypt, to come to grips with the mighty Julius, and as a vegetable-fed Puritan to run the risks of Cleopatra, he had something very much his own to say, which, as usual, he managed to get said in his own way. He was the first to admit the value of what he had written. The fact that Walkley and the critics who originally reviewed "Caesar and Cleopatra"* had described it as "opera bouffe" did not depress Shaw. To him prophecy is routine employment. "In 1920 'Caesar' will be a masterpiece," he wrote in 1908. Readers have long since agreed with him. It was not, however, until the current and brilliant revival of his play that American theatregoers, too young to have seen Forbes-Robertson in it, have realized how right Shaw was.

Certainly Gabriel Pascal's screen version with Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains did no justice to Shaw's work. The film, though well meant, was a colossal bore. It misplaced the play in the pageant, allowed the Shavian wit to evaporate in limitless expanses of Technicolor sky, and reduced GBS himself to the equivalent of a scenarist for Cecil B. De Mille. The Theatre Guild's production of "Caesar and Cleopatra" in 1925 failed, even with Helen Hayes and Lionel Atwill, to project the text's real qualities. It was a stuttering, static affair, the inadequacies of which become all the clearer in retrospect when compared to the excellences of the present performance. The exciting truth is that, as now staged with an admirable cast headed by Lilli Palmer and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Shaw's play, written more than fifty years ago, seems as fresh as if it had been written today. At last behind local footlights, its humor is released, its wisdom communicated, and its stature preserved.

Shaw, being Shaw, did not hesitate to offer "Caesar and Cleopatra" to the public as an improvement on Shakespeare. "Better than Shakespeare" was the title he chose for his preface. By this, he pointed out with surprising modesty, he did not mean that he professed to write better plays than Shakespeare. He did, however, claim the right to criticize Shakespeare, to discard and discredit his romantic notions of passion and history, and to substitute new ideas and a new approach born of a new age.

The first change, an inevitable one in Shaw's case, was that where Shakespeare had written a tragedy Shaw wrote a comedy. The side of Shaw which is John Bunyan pretended to be shocked by Shakespeare's Cleopatra. He dismissed her as a Circe who, instead of turning heroes into hogs, turned hogs into heroes. He would have nothing to do with the mature woman, a tawdry wanton as he saw her, whose lustfulness had transformed a world leader into a strumpet's fool. For that matter, he would have nothing to do with the youthful Cleopatra who, according to history, had a child by Caesar. In her place he preferred to draw, and drew delectably, the portrait of a kittenish girl who under Caesar's tutelage flowered into a queen. His Cleopatra's youth was more than a puritanic evasion. It was a Shavian device by means of which superstitions could be mocked and Caesar, the conqueror, humanized by being seen through the irreverent eyes of a child. In other words, it was Shaw's characteristic way of taking the starch out of the stuffed-shirt approach to history.

—Eileen Darby-Graphic House.

Lilli Palmer and Cedric Hardwicke —"the anatomy of earthly power."

AS for Shakespeare's Caesar, Shaw had only contempt for him. His contention was that Shakespeare, who knew human weakness so well, never knew human strength of the Caesarian type. Just why Shaw, also a man of words, felt that he had a greater claim to understanding the inner workings of a man of action, is something he did not bother to explain. But that he succeeded with his Caesar where Shakespeare failed with his, few would deny.

In his preface to "Caesar and Cleopatra" GBS described himself as a crow who has followed many plows. Surely none of these has led him down stranger furrows than his flirtations with the dictator-principle. The champion of the superman, who was fascinated by Napoleon and who has had kind words to say about Stalin and even Mussolini, was bound sooner or later to be drawn to Caesar.

The major source for his Julius was not Plutarch. As he confessed, it was Mommsen, the nineteenth-century German historian. He liked Mommsen's account of the Egyptian visit and agreed with his estimate of Caesar. Shaw also admitted his debt to Carlyle for his concept of the historical hero capable of bearing "the weight of life" realistically rather than suffering from a passion to die gallantly.

The Caesar Shaw drew would not have been recognized by Suetonius or Plutarch, neither of whom liked him. But the man who wrote "The Gallic War" would have recognized this Shavian Julius—with gratitude and relief. The clemency and statesmanship, the largeness of mind and spirit, which for the sake of the record he had been careful to establish as his, are qualities that shine in Shaw's Caesar. Caesar's self-love could not have been greater than Shaw's almost

*CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA, a comedy by Bernard Shaw. Directed by Cedric Hardwicke. Settings and Costumes by Rolf Gerard. Presented by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers in association with Julius Fleischmann. With a cast including Cedric Hardwicke, Lilli Palmer, Ralph Forbes, Arthur Treacher, John Buckmaster, Nicholas Joy, Bertha Belmore, Ivan Simpson, Harry Irvine, etc. At the National Theatre, New York City. Opened December 21, 1949.

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romantic infatuation with the benevolent despot he depicted.

But there was a difference—an immeasurable difference. Where Plutarch was dignified, Suetonius scurrilous, Caesar determinedly official, and Shakespeare rhetorically athletic, Shaw was Shavian. This in itself represented a complete abandonment of the orthodox ways of writing not only history but historical plays. It meant that, more than upsetting an applecart, Shaw had brought about a one-man revolution in the theatre and in literature.

He approached the past unawed, anxious to see it in contemporary terms, eager for a laugh, and with a wit which, though impudent, was wonderfully humanizing. The effects of his innovations are still with us, though in lesser hands they have never achieved the same dimensions and have sometimes been downright sophomoric. Quite rightly, it has been pointed out that what is widely thought of as Lytton Strachey's method was something for which Shaw prepared the way. But what is often overlooked is that GBS, regardless of his impertinences, was never a debunker. His spirit was always too positive for that, his intellect too superior.

"Caesar and Cleopatra" is a proof of this. However flippant or hilarious its means may be, its concerns are serious and sizable. For Shaw's real interest, so gaily presented in a very funny play, is nothing less than a study of the anatomy of earthly power and greatness. Although his Caesar may laugh and be laughed at, he is palpably a great man misunderstood by those around him and even by the Cleopatra he has instructed in queenship. If in delineating this greatness Shaw deliberately substitutes colloquial prose for what he had once condemned as the melodious fustian and mechanical lilt of Shakespeare's blank verse, he is none the less able in speech after speech to rise to a glorious eloquence of his own.

Caesar's apostrophe to the Sphinx is a sample. It is with this, and neither of the alternate prologues, that the present production opens. Other samples are the wisdom of Caesar's "He who has never hoped can never despair" and his "One year of Rome is like another, except that I grow older whilst the crowd in the Appian Way is always the same age." Or the beauty of his leave-taking of Cleopatra, when he describes Mark Antony to her in these words, "Come, Cleopatra: forgive me and bid me farewell; and I will send you a man, Roman from head to heel and Roman of the noblest; not old and ripe for the knife; not lean in the arms and cold in the

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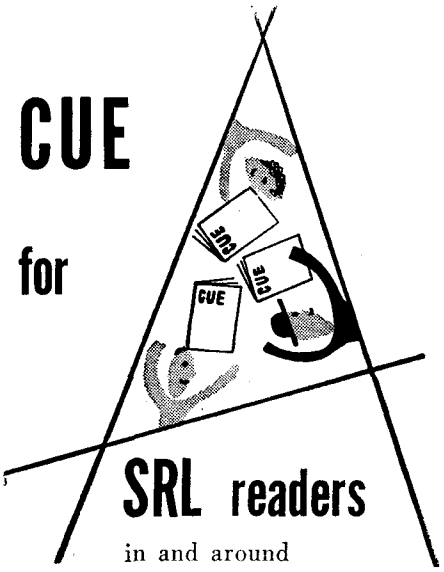

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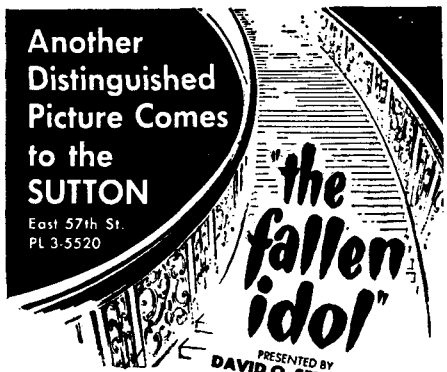

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heart; not hiding a bald head under his conqueror's laurels; not stooped with the weight of the world on his shoulders; but brisk and fresh, strong and young, hoping in the morning, fighting in the day, and reveling in the evening." In almost every instance the organ plays full and strong, only to be interrupted by a jest. Even so, the sense of greatness is not lost. Moreover it is part and parcel of the current revival.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke is no plaster-bust Caesar. He is the perfect embodiment of the Shavian conqueror: patrician, accustomed to command, and no less used to meeting the harder challenges of thought. Although his majesty is genuine, his simplicity is equally real. If he can make a joke, he can also take one. His manner is quiet. His eyes twinkle with amusement at the foibles of those lacking his qualities. His humor is kindly, not condescending. It is born of his patience, even as that patience is backed by an iron will. One believes in him not only as a general but as a thinker. More than acting with his body, he acts with his mind. Instead of speaking Shaw's lines as if he had memorized them, he speaks them as if he had thought them. The wit of Shaw's Caesar is his. So is the eloquence; so is the wisdom.

Surely, Lilli Palmer must be the most eye-filling and eye-haunting Cleopatra the stage has known. After seeing her one is bound to feel a new sympathy for Mark Antony. She is blessed with all the physical attributes that one likes to associate with Egypt's queen, but her endowments do not stop there. Hers is a truly exciting personality. What is more, she acts Cleopatra as perfectly as she looks her, changing with great skill from the kittenish girl of the earlier scenes to the violent and imperious monarch of the later ones.

As a director, Hardwicke equals his success as a player. His touch is inventive, understanding, and hence always contributive. He is aided by Rolf Gerard, who, though he has set and costumed the production strikingly, has not been tempted to kill a comedy by turning it into a spectacle. The secondary performances, such as Bertha Belmore's impregnable Ftatateeta, Arthur Treacher's droll Britannus, and Ralph Forbes's stalwart Rufio, are all admirable. But outstanding among them is John Buckmaster's brilliant characterization of Apollodorus.

The happy truth is that this revival of "Caesar and Cleopatra" succeeds in living up to Shaw's comedy. It makes the past provocative, history human, and greatness gay.

—John Mason Brown.

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an Eighth Army deserter who is all but mad and who is thoroughly—and convincingly—evil.

This latter portion of the novel may be intended to carry or complete some message about democracy and Fascism; that element is unclear. There is also some larger moral in the affair between Snowy and the Princess. Certainly the improbable manner in which the simple Cockney reads the mind of this highly sophisticated woman by reference to his wife, Liz, at home reiterates the dubious thesis about the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady with some sort of intent.

In mid-passage the reader makes a reluctant switch to melodrama with heavy sentiment, shot with vivid passages and realistic bits. Having accepted that, he reads on to see what happens, with enjoyment, but still lamenting the lost promise of the beginning. He is not surprised when, at the end, having set everything straight, Snowy and Bill set out in *Rosie* once more, ever tough, ever noble, ever pure in heart.

Fiction Notes

AS TALL AS PRIDE, by Sophie Kerr. Rinehart. $2.75. The little man, swollen with pride and sick with physical shame, asserts himself by an act of vengeance. Living in poverty with his genteel maiden aunt, only friend to a lumpish, outsize girl, Rome Whitten rules his native Southern town by his wits. Wisdom is power. But it's not enough. In the face of cruel taunts he is driven to do in his giant-like, rich Northern tormentor. Rid of this menace, the midget has only to live with his secret, safe in Aunt Laura's keeping.

Miss Kerr teases and teases a pathological case. The point is lost. What should be grotesquely tragic becomes pathetic. The forces of evil are no bigger than their dwarfed victim. The conflict is actually too evenly balanced.

COPPERBELT, by Nigel Sligh. Putnam's. $2.75. American millionaire Jess Ludlam brings his beautiful, promiscuous wife to darkest Africa to settle some irritating mining problems. He'd have done better to write off his copper interests as a major tax deduction. As it is, his wife strays, he is fatally stricken with fever, his mines burn, and his miners fight to kill. The widow returns to New York minus lover, husband, and self-respect.

Gone-native stuff. Sultry, scorched, and primitive. Drenched in quinine; overloaded with stock-company derelicts.

THIS DARK MONARCHY, by Francis Leary. Dutton. $3. Hideous doings in a Victorian stately home of England. Terror rustles in taffeta, murder lurks behind tight mores, and hidebound amenities almost cloak an ancient vengeance. A girl is driven mad by the powerful hate of her usurping step-mother. That madness drives her to slit the throat of her sleeping step-brother and, after endless legitimate avenues of escape, to take her own life. The love of a good man, the solace of the Church, the false verdict of innocence only drive her back to that nightmare act.

Undeniably suspenseful but over-rich in phrase and fancy. "The Turn of the Screw" technique blurred by heavy Gothic incrustations.

BOTH YOUR HOUSES, by Philip Gibbs. McBride. $3. Two young English lovers, divided by politics, morals, and birth, unite to form more than an amorous coalition. Naturally it can't work. The daughter of a Peer may wed the no-good son of a common Liberal M. P. She may stick to him though he neglects to shave, though he cheats at cards and dabbles in side-line rackets, but she must, legally, rebel at bigamy. Ill-fated from the title. The country house still stands, however, and over the long week end progressive Tory arms are outstretched to receive the repentant heiress, taxes notwithstanding. Moral—each party should make concessions. It is Sir Philip Gibbs's well-worn world, frightfully, frightfully familiar, and shamefully repetitious.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

VENUS THE LONELY GODDESS, by John Erskine. Morrow. $2.75. For readers who enjoy pedantic wit John Erskine's short novel offers a superior treat. Venus was a late comer to Olympia; her origins are shrouded in mystery, although many think she rose from the sea. As the young wife of Vulcan she was an exemplary daughter-in-law. She was adept in meeting Jupiter's double entendres

From the Beacon Press Editorial Rooms, Boston.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: *Life and Message, New Biography Marks 75th Year*

"A saint is a man who makes goodness attractive."

A simple, yet profound statement made and lived by Albert Schweitzer, the famous jungle doctor of our age who celebrates his 75th birthday on January 14th. This great theologian, philosopher, musician and doctor had the courage to do what most of us dream about, yet never attempt. At the very time he was gaining an international reputation as a musician, philosopher and theologian, he brushed aside immediate fame to favor a consuming ideal. At the age of 30, Schweitzer entered a medical school to become a doctor and devote his life to missionary work in Equatorial Africa. However, his brilliance could not be hidden by steaming jungles nor space and distance. In the next two decades, his writings and works became legend on two continents.

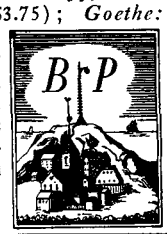
What motivated this genuis whose humility was his source of strength? This golden thread of Schweitzer's life is woven into a fabric of richness and warmth in the new Beacon Press book. *Albert Schweitzer: Life and Message* by Magnus Ratter.

In Schweitzer's early life one hears the first soft tones of the fountain of faith and compassion that bursts forth later in life to turn Schweitzer from the concert halls of Europe to the disease-infected jungles of Africa. Conscience and pity were his motives; that he must help repay the white man's debt to the Negro; that he must render service as a thank-offering for the privileges and happiness he enjoyed.

The story of Schweitzer's ceaseless struggle against the jungle leaves little time for hand-wringing and maudlin sentimentality. Schweitzer strides through the book as a man whose strength of spirit is reflected through strength of action, not softly-mouthed words.

Related in a simple down-to-earth manner that almost belies the profound scholarship behind it, this biography offers a new insight into one of the most important and inspiring lives of this century. Now at your bookseller ($3).

Other Schweitzer books, previously published by Beacon Press include: *Albert Schweitzer: An Anthology,* edited by Charles R. Joy ($3.75); *Goethe: Four Studies* ($2.50) and *The Psychiatric Study of Jesus* ($2.00), both by Schweitzer; and *The Wit and Wisdom of Schweitzer,* also edited by Joy, ($2.00). All at your bookseller.



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with trusting innocence and she quite simply ignored Juno's suspicions caused by her youth and beauty. She even inspired friendship in the roguish heart of Mars. Onto his brief story of the life of the Goddess of Love, Mr. Erskine hangs many a sly dig at marriage and passion à la mode, at war and at work. "Do-gooders" are the especial bête noire of the author as well as of Jupiter, and both plump for divine detachment. There is doubt expressed as to any man ever loving any woman as deeply as he loves his work, one might say his creative work; but as the gods knew full well, all work is creative.

If the gusto which made "Helen of Troy" a best seller is lacking here, there is in its place a more mature irony, a statelier sort of foolery, more appropriate to a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the Academy of Arts and Sciences, as well as many other national organizations.

—JOHN COURNOS.

BRIEF GAUDY HOUR, by Margaret Campbell Barnes. Macrae-Smith. $3. For 400 years historians have been debating Anne Boleyn's guilt. Was she —not to speak of an even greater guilt leveled at her—an adulteress queen and therefore, according to the law of her days, guilty of high treason? Miss Barnes, the author of the present novel, has found—or accepted—an ingenious answer to the old question. Her Anne is not unfaithful to Henry. But some time before her marriage she has given herself to Northumberland's young son, and to keep the King unaware of that fact she tricks him into drunkenness the night he enters her bedchamber for the first time. She has lied to the king and that, too, could be construed as high treason in those days. Thus Henry does not appear exclusively as the lecher who, pining for the Seymour girl, forces the courts to rid him of Anne. About that wish of his, there can be no doubt. But the brutal laws of the period, together with Henry's overweening sense of his royal position, may have justified to his mind what he did.

A girl capable of love, Anne is yet also presented as tactless, spiteful, overbearing, ill-tempered, and scheming. Miss Barnes explains the character of the thousand-day Queen by giving much space—more than half the book—to Anne's affair with young Northumberland and her dismal disappointment at being separated from her beloved. Cliché-studded as the story of Anne's great love may be, it makes for a certain credibility in what ensues. This, then, is a tolerably readable period novel, with here and

—*From "Venus the Lonely Goddess."*

there a glimpse of the nature of Renaissance people, and here and there a spark of life in the pageantry of the Tudor court.

—ROBERT PICK.

THE MERRY MIRACLE, by Mary Mian. Houghton Mifflin. $2. In the little country town of Langladure a convent stood empty for two years, the nuns having been moved to Limoges. When the Curé of Arpay died he willed the old building to his niece, the well-to-do widow Dame Amelie. And Dame Amelie had a most brilliant idea. She had long felt a great concern for the saints, picturing them constantly overworked what with demands to help in the finding of this one's lost ring and the healing of that one's rheumatism, with no returns but a few candles and some rather perfunctory prayers. "Why not a rest home for the poor dears?" thought Dame Amelie.

She set about it at once. Her neighbors helped her clean the convent, and when all was ready they were in a flutter of excitement to see what saints would be sent. When the six who could be accommodated arrived they were a motley group. Delegated to take care of them was Bichette, a charming, capable girl of the village who almost at once found Satan himself sitting in her kitchen. And when everything was at sixes and sevens, and miracles (attempted at popular request) went askew, it was she who thought fastest and pulled the saintly chestnuts out of the fire, and voiced what is, in fact, the graceful moral of the tale: "You thought you were Saints for good, didn't you? I'm no saint, myself, but I can tell you this—on earth the wear and tear is terrific. It takes hard work to keep your sainthood up to the mark. Every day you have to begin all over again. It's only in Paradise that saints are saints forever."

A charming fantasy, a gentle satire, "The Merry Miracle," with illustrations by the inimitable Susanne Suba, is a most engaging book.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE WOLFSHEAD, by Jere Wheelwright. Scribner's, $3. Jere Wheelwright continues the adventures of the Earl of Bristol begun in "The Strong Room," though its worthy sequel may be read separately. It is a swashbuckling tale of the days of Bloody Mary, with enough zest and excitement to satisfy the most exacting of the male of the species. Yet the author does not violate history; his is a realism which sees the melodrama of other days. The story tells of the flight in France of the Earl of Bristol and his servitors from the reach of Bloody Mary. King Henry II of France, about to espouse his son and heir to Mary of Scotland, wants to enlist the Earl's aid in favor of Mary as England's future Queen. The Earl does not see it that way and flees France in a ship which finds good hunting in the Atlantic, then infested with Spanish galleons conveniently laden with wealth. Ultimately he takes refuge in the Scillies and in the good news that Elizabeth is Queen.

This novel has the plausibility which only true psychology and skilful characterization can confer—unusual in a work of this kind.

—J. C.

THE LONG BRIDGE, by Fannie Cook. Doubleday. $3. Fannie Cook, whose "Mrs. Palmer's Honey" was a compassionate and wise account of life viewed by a colored domestic from a white family's kitchen, again tells a story from the vantage point of sink and stove. Annie Carr was a big, courageous woman, a widow. Her son Tom had been studying painting, and had, his teacher and his mother believed, a real talent. When, during the Depression, there seemed nothing for him to do but to lay aside his brushes and go to work, Tom's mother did not hesitate to hire herself out as cook in the Timothys' mansion.

But Annie Carr was a magnificent cook and a strong character, and Eda Timothy, a spoilt child in a pretty woman's body, found herself becoming increasingly interested in the Carrs and surreptitiously intrigued by the vigorous Tom, who, when the hopelessly confused Timothy estate was swept to its final ruin, proved himself the man of strength and courage his mother had fought to create.

Unfortunately Mrs. Cook seems to have struck off "The Long Bridge" a little too briskly. Despite a really promising plot she has roughed in her characters too sharply in black and white, ignoring the contrasts and subtle shadings which complete the convincing portrait.

—P. T.

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THE CLASSIC BLEND

(*Continued from page 7*)

man, the sinner as well as the saint. And salvation comes from God through man's voluntary acceptance of suffering. It is by such acceptance that man is enabled to undergo his spiritual rebirth—a radical renewal of his innermost being—and that he ultimately achieves the transition from this world to the next. By such a ready acceptance of suffering, by his humility, his loving-kindness, and the consequent purification of his soul, Prince Myshkin attains, in "The Idiot," to the almost perfect imitation of Christ.

The libertarian poetry of Heine, Byron, Shelley, and Hugo was admittedly political and furiously revolutionary, and it certainly was very effective both politically and socially, but its ultimate aim was the complete liberation of the soul of man and not only the freeing of his mind from error or his body from bondage. Heine felt that his real mission in life was to be a reformer, to restore, with the instruments of war rather than of peace, "the interrupted order of the world." And to achieve this high purpose he combined in himself and in his works the holy zeal and the passionate earnestness of a "soldier of humanity" with the withering scorn, the ineradicable lofty sense of justice, and the inspired foresight of his spiritual ancestores, the Hebrew Prophets.

The romantic and revolutionary spirit of Byron's poetry was belittled in Great Britain but on the Continent he was hailed as the poetic champion of human liberty. Even his love lyrics were agitated by a revolutionary and militant impetuosity. But this proud hater of tyrants was too much of an aristocrat to love the common man. "It is not that I adulate the people," he wrote in "Don Juan." "I wish men to be free as much from mobs as kings. . . . The consequence is, being of no party, I shall offend all parties: —never mind!" Notwithstanding this professed non-partisanship of his—striving to live up to his exalted ideals of freedom and wanting to find "a soldier's grave"—, Byron took an active part in two abortive revolutionary movements in Italy and died shortly thereafter while he was enlisted as a volunteer fighter in the war of Greek liberation.

As one of "the unacknowledged legislators of the world," Shelley was also an ardent believer in universal freedom, goodness, and human perfectibility. A dedicated poet of protest, he always had, as he declared in his preface to "Prometheus Unbound," "a passion for reforming the world." So that, in liberating the rebellious titan from the inexorable punishment to which the Olympian gods and Aeschylus had subjected him, Shelley pictures the overthrow of the tyranny of Zeus and the return of the golden age of innocence, beauty, and freedom. Inasmuch as Prometheus is the personification of man's mind and will, and Zeus represents the anthropomorphic god of established religion who oppresses mankind in chaining and tormenting Prometheus, as soon as Eternity dismisses Zeus to unending nothingness, the titan is unbound, the human mind and will are set free, and the world of man passes from slavery and degradation into limitless perfectibility, spiritual as well as material.

VICTOR HUGO became later the most celebrated poet of freedom, and the "First Citizen of the World," out of an infinite compassion for the sufferings of his unfortunate fellowmen. As a young rebel he declared that his life would be inspired with a "somber fidelity to fallen things" and that whatever power he had would be employed "in the defense of powerless men." For that reason in 1830 and again in 1848 he joined "the cause of the people," risking on both occasions not only his reputation but his life. In the Revolution of 1848 he actually fought on the barricades. He was banished subsequently to the island of Guernsey for his implacable opposition to the usurpation and the tyranny of Napoleon III. From experiences profoundly felt—his political struggles, his deepest religious convictions, his exile, the drowning of one of his daughters, and the death of another shortly afterwards — emerged "Les Misérables," that epic of human sorrow suffused with hope and with the loving-kindness of God for all His suffering creatures—"I have faced the terror of death, and I have found beyond it the flower of life."

Walt Whitman undoubtedly was, and still remains, the greatest poet of modern Western democracy. As the son of a poor carpenter, and as a casual workingman himself, he knew from first-hand experience how the poor really lived and suffered. And, in the unfolding of his political and economic convictions, he was typical of the aspirations and the struggles of

A Philosophy for Those Who 'Will Not Take Evil Good-Naturedly'

I shall take the risk of predicting that, in ten years or so, Edmond Cahn will be a name to conjure with, like that of John Dewey or William James or Alfred North Whitehead. For here is the most impelling discussion since Aristotle of the subject of justice—a subject which, in an earlier relatively tranquil era, bored most men but which, in our era of perplexity, has again come to the fore as one of pressing significance. . . .

JEROME FRANK IN THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW OF DECEMBER 18, 1949

THE SENSE OF INJUSTICE

by EDMOND N. CAHN

This major philosophic work reveals new values in justice, freedom and security, and shows how they can be made real in the social life of the individual.

New York University Press

87 WASHINGTON SQ., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

Price $3.50

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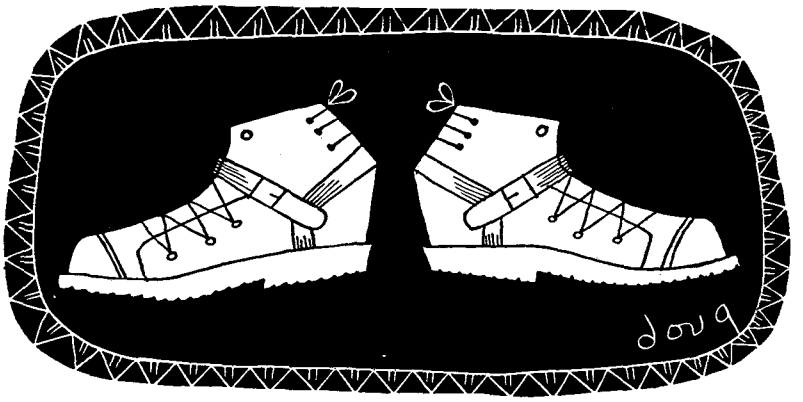

the American working class of his day. Yet his politico-poetic creed was an all-embracing synthesis of individualism, socialism, and universal love because he was certain that out of the great reserves of cosmic life is born the average man "with his excellent good manliness." Not in distinction but in oneness with the whole is found the good life, for in fellowship is love and in the whole is freedom, and love and freedom are the law and the prophets. Fear and hate and jealousy and pride have held men apart hitherto, but love will draw them together and the children of America will then merge into fellowship, a sympathetic, responsive, manlike yet divine fellowship of which he would be the prophet: "One's-self I sing, a single separate person, yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse."

Fervently loving all men and all things, Whitman rejected nothing. A leaf of grass was to him as great a miracle as the Milky Way; the running roadside blackberry was "fit to adorn the parlors of Heaven." So he sang of all existence, of "Life immense in passion, pulse and power." A visionary, he foresaw a future greater than all the past, a land of "inseparable cities" teeming with "the lifelong love of comrades." The most deeply religious soul in American literature, he often remarked that he could not "have written a word of the 'Leaves' without its religious rootground," and insisted that his "interior and foundation quality" was "Hebraic, Biblical, mystic," for "I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own, and I know that the spirit of God is the brother of my own, and that all the men ever born are also my brothers, and the women my sisters and lovers, and that a kelson of the creation is love."

During the first half of the nineteenth century Goethe completed what possibly is its greatest literary masterpiece. And, in doing so, he gave the world a worthy counterpart to Dante's medieval poetic synthesis. Hence his "Faust" has rightly been called "'The Divine Comedy' of Renaissance humanism" and "the Bible of modern humanity." Within his all-encompassing personality, Faust goes on absorbing, as the play progresses, the rich pagan culture of the Greco-Roman past, the wisdom of medieval mysticism as well as the practical tasks of modern industrialism, the enlightened political despotism of the eighteenth century, and the ideal democracy of the future. And in his spiritual pilgrimage Faust personifies restless human endeavor, the incessant striving from lower to higher spheres of life: from the sensuous to the spiritual, from enjoyment to work, faith to action, selfish indulgence to altruistic effort.

Goethe's masterpiece is an astonishing and harmonious blend of realism and idealism, of neo-classicism and romanticism, of autobiography and world history. In its first part, for example, there is much that is realistic in the best sense such as the carousel in Auerbach's cellar, the portrait of Martha, the Easter-morning walk, and Gretchen's character and fate. The second part is far removed from this impressive realism and, as it advances, it becomes more and more a drama whose characters are no longer creatures of flesh and blood but multidimensional allegorical figures. For in "Faust" Goethe not only wrote the greatest epic and poetic drama of the century but created a symbolic history of all mankind which far transcended the poet's time and place, an all-embracing myth of Man as the co-creator of culture and the builder of civilization, a human and superhuman play whose stage is not merely the terrestrial globe but the infinite reaches of Heaven and Hell.

From these few and brief illustrations it is sufficiently clear that literature is neither a short and slender reed which is practically useful only as a cudgel to keep animal-like men in line or to prod them into action, nor a delicate, hothouse orchid having no practical use whatsoever. It is rather a gigantic tree prodigiously tall, strong, and massive firmly planted in the rich, deep, and fecundating soil of human living. Of its multiple roots, some of the longest go down into the deepest depths of the human soul. Its trunk majestically rises from the plainest descriptions of material facts to the loftiest expressions of man's most spiritual aspirations. Spreading in all directions, covered with countless leaves, and bestowing an amazing variety of fruits, its branches overshadow and refresh all the activities of men while providing them with intellectual, emotional, and spiritual nourishment.

Antonio Iglesias is the author of "Culture's Emergent Pathway."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BLACK HOUSE *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Escaped criminal seeking revenge on irascible lawyer and family, turns up murdered. Lawyer's assistant and odd copper unscrew case.	Mad and frequently funny goings-on in Charles Addams - ish country house plus pungent chatter and completely unpredictable plot.	Squirrel-bait
STALKING HORSE *Val Gielgud* (Morrow: $2.75)	Young Englishman's strange search for World-War arch-murderer embroils him in perilous situations with group of murderous double-crossers.	Swiftly-paced hair-raiser of deadly post-war intrigue. Rumor on which tale is based gives story unusual power and dramatic interest.	Very good
DEATH IN FOUR COLORS *Brandon Bird* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Artist draws decorative dagger which, in factual replica, slays magazine art director. Canny cop helps artist clear self and catch killer.	Tart and tangled case (two murders); acid, artistic patter, blob of romance, shrewd professional sleuth, likable amateur, and colorful finish.	Palatable

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the Phoenix Nest

BEYOND

The origin of colors and sounds cannot be described in terms of space and time or of atoms and molecules.
—Gustaf Strömberg.

PAST the cornea's lumined curve,
Iris, pupil, optic nerve,
Even the retina behind,
Color and light transcend the mind.

Nor does mere matter in the skull,
Fissured tissue white or dull
Of the cerebral hemispheres,
In harmonics verse the ears.

It were past a ganglion's wit
Some great actual to transmit.
Consciousness but hints the force
Of an overwhelming source:

Music as of paradise,
Color for celestial eyes;
All the beauty that we knew
Mere phantasma of the true.

Wave of light or wave of sound
(Moving to what bourne or bound?)
Atom systems as they spin
Warrant of this origin,

Even as though some wizard wand
Drew the cadence from beyond,
Or the radiance, on this wise
Through our intricate ears and eyes!
—W. R. B.

* * *

BIRDS OVER WINTER LAKE

When we started out the day seemed much like any other raw, sunless, January day, but as we turned homeward, hours later, I knew I would always remember it as not quite like any other I had ever known. I am not sure if the difference was entirely due to the birds, by which I mean the gulls and the ducks, but certainly that is how I identify the day in my memory: with the long-winged, silver-mantled gulls, the Bonapartes, the black wing-tipped herring gulls, the graceful ring-bills with the onyx necklace circling their long bills, and with the ducks, the scaups and scoters and spoonbills, the golden-eyes and greenheads, with a feathered isle afloat far out over the lake, a Gulliver's Laputa moving in the distance, only gathered within our view through our powerful binoculars.

Actually we had driven along the lake, bleak, ice-bound, desolate Lake

Erie, purposely to find the birds. Of course Bill knew they were there; he knew them all by name and could point out their distinguishing features, the scaups with their shiny blue-green heads, the large, round, white spot between the eye and bill of the golden-eyes, the white-winged scoters, the slender-bodied, crested mergansers. But to me it was incredible that all along, day after day, winter after endless winter, this winged universe had existed out on the waters, driven inward where it was less severe, out just beyond view of the naked eye, and I had been unconscious of their very existence. Like most others, I suppose, I was somewhat familiar with the gulls, the ever-crying, ever-diving, sleek, silvery gulls that came in close to shore, punctuating the water with large rippling circles as they dove for fish, or hemmed the piers in multitudes, but even here I gazed with wonder as I began to distinguish their salient features and habits.

It was a cold, pewter day, and as we drove along the shore drive the sky hung like a great gray pearl above us, while the whole earth seemed swathed in gray slate. Finally we pulled up to where an old pier sent out its long wooden tongue into the lake; the moorings were locked in glittering sheaths of ice. And then we saw them, that strange, wild, beautiful world of migrant ducks, afloat between two other worlds, driven by the biting cold and lancing winds, a vibrant, drifting, winged island barely discernible in the distance. We tried to estimate their numbers, but they were as countless as stars on a clear winter night. Bill pointed them out to me, the bluebills and golden-eyes, the hooded mergansers, the pintails, the shiny satin-backed mallards, a migrant universe stopping over on its long journey south.

How many worlds surround us, I wondered, and through what binoculars can we discover them? Are there binoculars of the spirit through which some see worlds others are never, or only dimly, aware of? And are we, too, perhaps, a migrant universe being viewed through eyes we do not even dream exist? There were only the birds to answer.

At last we came away, silent, our eyes turned landward, but our hearts still somewhere out over the lake, horizon-less.

And now it is winter again, and the lake is a dreary expanse of gray, mailed in ice along the shore. But this time I am aware of something alive and moving in the distance, and I want to cry out, wind be kind, lake be to them a shelter and a haven, for they have far to go, and they will come again, and again.
—Mae Winkler Goodman.

* * *

WILL

So empty are these clauses I design
Bequeathing property which had
seemed mine
That I would like to turn it back to
those
Who had it once but lie now in
repose.

They rest from it, while I can feel
its feet,
As of an octopus, wind me complete
In wordy tentacles. I would put it
off . . .
And so I sit and calculate and cough.
—Witter Bynner.

* * *

Daniel Reed, well known as a director and actor, is giving his first Broadway performance of characters from the "Spoon River Anthology," of Edgar Lee Masters, at the Town Hall, New York City, on this Sunday afternoon, January 15, at 3:00 P.M. As a young actor Mr. Reed was an associate of the group which included Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, and Edgar Lee Masters, and his monologues presenting the characters of Spoon River were known before the work of Ruth Draper and other monologue experts. Last August Mr. Masters celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is now living at Melrose Park in Pennsylvania but is bedridden and therefore will not be able to attend the recital. He will be represented there by his wife and son. Owing to the importance of Spoon River in American literature and the fact that the famous author is now in ill health, it is hoped there will be a large attendance.
—William Rose Benét.

LITERARY IQ ANSWERS

1. Cordelia. 2. Hercules. 3. Arman. 4. Robin Hood. 5. Lucy Gray. 6. Enoch Arden. 7. Svengali. 8. Dick Whittington. 9. Isabella. 10. Cleopatra. 11. Kate Hardcastle. 12. Ebenezer Scrooge. 13. Nero Wolfe. 14. Simon Legree. VICTORIAN NOVELIST: Charles Dickens.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

ONE FOR THE ROAD

IF YOU'VE ever been on an extended motor trip with children you are doubtless aware that virtually nothing has been developed to keep the dears quiet except perhaps a coil of stout rope or knockout drops. Those who count among their worldly possessions both a car and children should greet with some significance, therefore, the publication of "Tourplay,"* an anthology of schemes and devices totally designed to hypnotize the joy-riding juvenile.

In the first place, says "Tourplay," you have to take along the right equipment. The approved list for safaris includes boxes for captured butterflies, bugs, and trophies; pair of scissors and pocket knife; small song books; fishing tackle; telescope, compass, and Scout books, to mention but a few. Parents are strongly enjoined to have their offspring begin hobby collections en route. Children can, for example, collect such useful impedimenta as colored pebbles for mother's bulb bowls, chamber of commerce booklets, seaweeds placed flat on cards and dried, acorns for doll dishes, wildflower seed for a subsequent wildflower garden, pine nuts for eating, and last, but by no means least, fireflies for hair decorations or lanterns.

That brings us to the "Games for the Road" section, which comes equipped with a handy outline map of the United States. Road games are broadly divided into a number of classes — license-plate games, speedometer games, road-map games, billboard games, and traveling-salesman games. It perhaps had better be explained right off that the last-named contest is a pure, milktoast version of any traveling-salesman game which might previously have come to your attention. In *this* traveling-salesman game each player selects a territory which might be a stretch of highway across the country. Starting with the first city, the salesman must sell an article starting with the first letter of the name of the city. A peewee pitchman choosing U.S. Highway 30, for example, might sell Pontiacs in Philadelphia, Plymouths in Pittsburgh, Fords in Fort Wayne, Oldsmobiles in Omaha until he got to the Pacific Coast. Each man is presumed a "star salesman" unless he fumbles a product in some such place as Quincy, Illinois, or Whitlocks Crossing, South Dakota, at which point he stands a chance of being demoted to "regular salesman." The loss of three sales marks the demise of a salesman.

Speedometer games require an ability to guess distances. Smile-a-mile is a diplomatic ace-in-the-hole which all drivers should reserve for such delicate situations as when the boys in the back seat might be on the verge of committing joint fratricide. The driver begins the game by calling out, "Get ready, get set, smile!" While the driver watches the speedometer each player beams a broad smile until he believes a mile has been passed, at which point he whistles. Smiling and whistling at the same time is no small feat anyway, but contestants are permitted to complicate the proceedings further by inducing other players to laugh. The book doesn't specify how this may be accomplished, whether players are permitted, while smiling of course, to tell old Milton Berle gags or even use such artificial stimulants as, for example, feathers or a finger in the ribs. The player closest to a smile a mile long gets ten points. Contestants who can smile without laughing get fifty points, and any player is invited to train for that bonus by viewing the television comedians before leaving home.

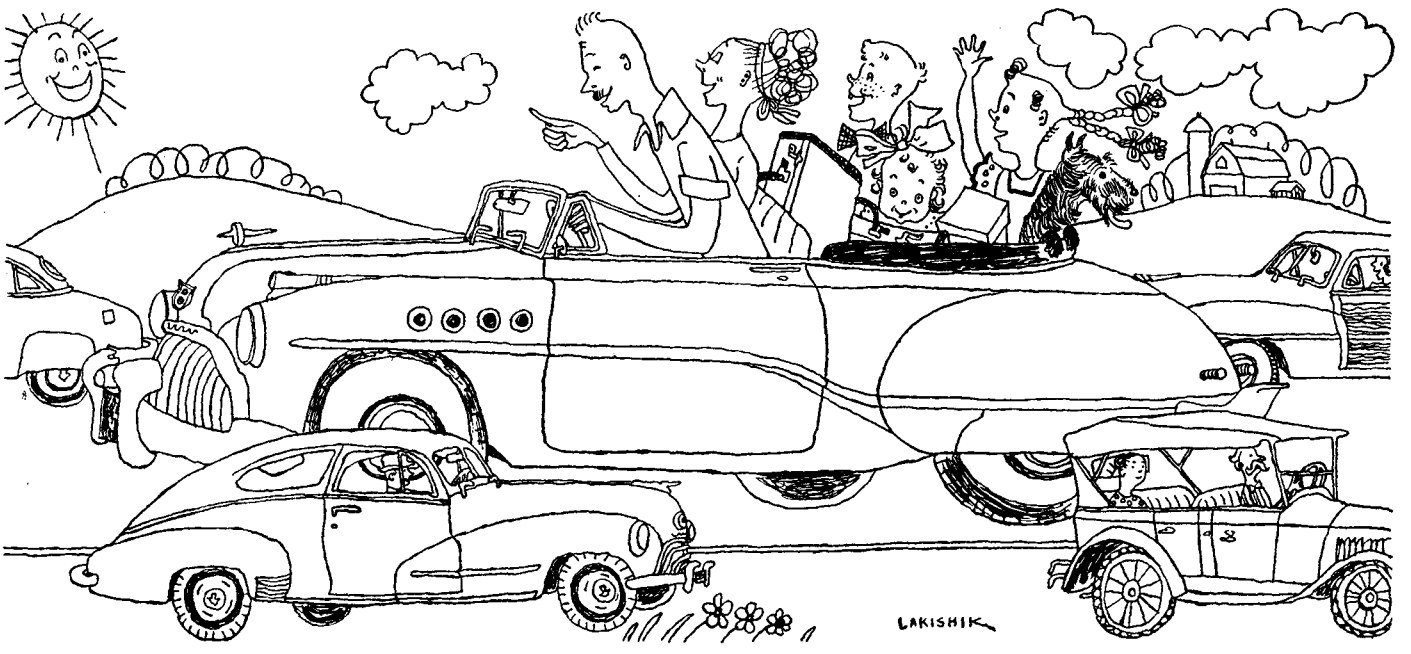
A VARIATION of "Smile-a-Mile" is a contest called "Right Here," wherein players select an object on the road ahead, close their eyes until they think the car is opposite the selected object. At that moment they open their eyes, simultaneously shouting "Right here!" The closest guess wins, and drivers are strongly urged not to compete.

For "On the Target," a road-map game, pin an ordinary gas-station map to the back of the front seat. Each player is equipped with a bomb sight, or, if none is handy, a plain straight pin. Here are the battle orders from "Tourplay":

> Close eyes tightly. Now move your pin hand in an uneven circular motion; make a buzz sound like an airplane, take a bull's-eye aim and land on the state capitol. Nearest one to the target wins.

There were cases, of course, of mistaken-identity bombing during the late war, and "Tourplay" does leave a man high and dry if while aiming

*TOURPLAY. By Winfield C. Higgins. New York: The William-Frederick Press. 54 pp. $1.50.



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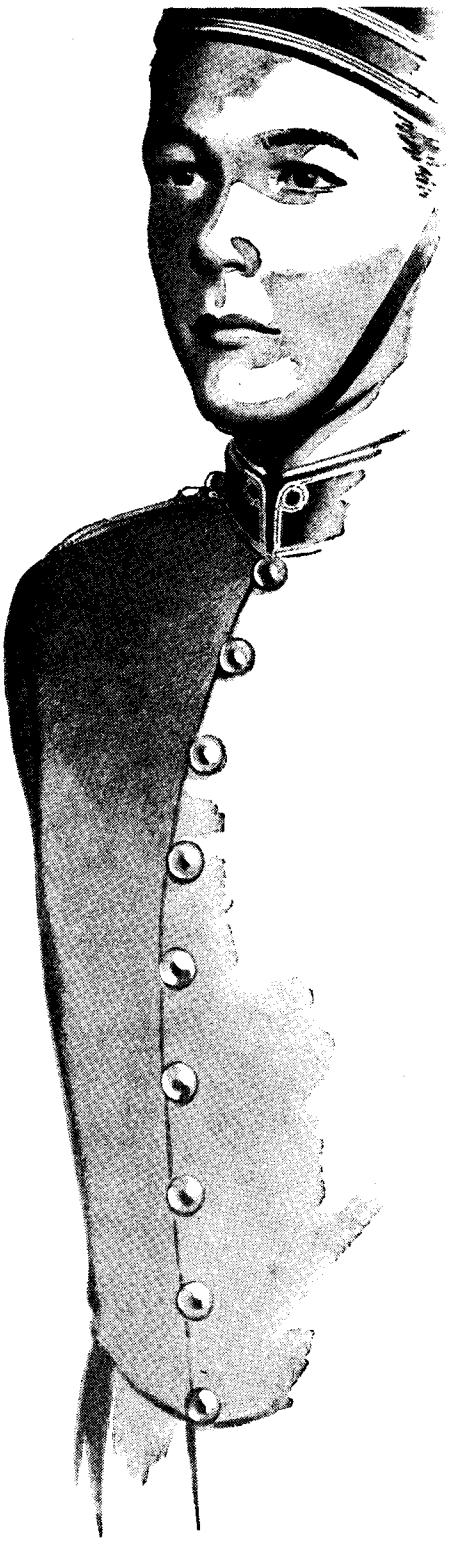

a Page Boy's

BUTTONS

He's just a youngster . . . a newcomer to the sea . . . and his duties are simple. Yet the polish on his buttons . . . the neatness of his dress . . . and his smiling courtesy bespeak the pride he takes in the Cunard White Star insignia he wears.

His is the inspiration of a standard that has been set by a more than century-old record . . . a record that inspires ship's officers and men . . . stewards and stewardesses to measure up in performance to the highest traditions of the sea.

In luxurious ships of types and sizes planned to anticipate every travel requirement and in the perfection of service afforded on every one, Cunard White Star offers all that can be desired in a comfortable, dependable transatlantic crossing.

The British tradition distinguishes

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QUEEN ELIZABETH · QUEEN MARY · MAURETANIA · CARONIA · BRITANNIC · MEDIA · PARTHIA

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for Little Rock he happens to hit the dog or mother, or even rams through to the driver.

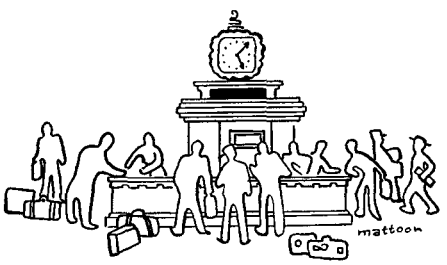
When the car stops to give everyone a rest, "Tourplay" suggests you keep your restless urchins busy by organizing a treasure hunt. If you stop on the plains hunters may be sent in searc hof horsehair, old birds' nests, grass, and sheep's wool. Or, if by the sea, the book suggests starfish, tar rope, fishnet, jelly fish, and sand fleas, which, as anybody in his right mind would readily admit, are all treasures indeed.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

DOORWAY IN ANTIGUA, by Albert Idell. Sloane. $2.95. How a novelist and his artist wife retreated to Guatemala, where he could finish a long novel. They bought a house in Antigua, which they reconditioned with the aid of masons who work for $1 a day and their helpers who work for 40¢. They met cabinet makers who were philosophers and a German worker for Jehovah's Witnesses, and they had just about the same experiences everyone else seems to have in Latin America, if perhaps a little less catastrophic. Mild and inconsequential are my words for it.

HERE IS NEW YORK, by E. B. White. Harper. $1. If anyone fails to have a look at Mr. White's minor masterpiece before the new year is out, it will be his own fault. The piece originally appeared in the New York issue of *Holiday*, was later reprinted in a souvenir issue of that magazine, is now available in wafer-sized book form, and is being distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. What seems to have propelled Mr. White's work from slick magazine paper to a sanctuary within hard covers is that, unlike a magazine piece, Mr. White is not slick at all. He is, to be sure, glib, but the glibness only supports the warmth and heart with which the piece was written. He has a habit of saying neatly the things about everyday New York that people who live there feel without ever bothering to put into



words. Written in the summer of 1948, the article, Mr. White says in his preface, suffers somewhat from a change of scene. The boom and the heat have broken, and the Lafayette Hotel "mentioned in passing, has passed despite the mention."

—H. S.

HOUSE IN THE SUN, by Dane Chandos. Putnam's. $3. Dane Chandos's previous book, his beautifully written "Village in the Sun," told of his discovery of the Indian village of Ajijic on the north shore of Lake Chapala in Mexico and all his humorous tribulations in buying land and building a house there. It had the drama of novelty and fervid curiosity, and a quiet climax of purpose, all presented in fine modernistic prose.

The present volume, "House in the Sun," tells of a year of life in that house, which has become an amateur inn, patronized by the most bizarre collection of Mexican and Gringo escapists ever to seek sun, water, and gin. Many of the same village characters reappear, described with quiet humor, tenderness, and insight. Both books have the feel of rich tapestry, carefully wrought, of perfect etching, the ability to condense the essence of a scene or a character into a few words, with little editorializing. The minute details of the pattern become more important than anything that happens. Life flows on deep and quiet, and even a murder in the village and a goring by a bull are smoothed down by the Mexican's shrugging fatalism. The book flows on placidly and richly, with little effort by Mr. Chandos to point up any episodes artificially. He is content with vivid, accurate portrayal of what he sees, hears, smells, and feels, and in that direction he is a deft and subtle Dos Passos. The only drama and climax are provided by his selection of incidents. The book represents twelve months of Mexican living snipped out of eternity, with no beginning and no ending.

—CARLETON BEALS.

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POETRY

(*Continued from page 16*)

aided by the ghostly Harlem mob who at the critical moment descend with Tommy guns to clean up the Jap horde making a Banzai charge. Here we see Kipling and Service eclipsed in imaginative enterprise, but the poem is not quite convincing, nor acceptable, as ballad literature for all of Mr. Janney's bardic daring.

THE LAST GARLAND, by Theodore Maynard. Monastine Press, Richmond Hill, N. Y. $2. In a sequence of fifty sonnets Theodore Maynard makes a wreath of memory for his wife, Sara; poems written in the months following her death. Sara Maynard, an Irish girl born in South Africa, novelist, and Abbey Theatre playwright, died of tuberculosis several years ago and is buried in Maryland. The sonnets are competent, tender, and personal. In restrained Shakespearean patterns, they tell the story of the lovers' meeting, their marriage, and the rewards and problems of their life together. A few of the sonnets were published earlier in the *SRL*. Maynard never writes an inferior poem but it is a difficult assignment to maintain uniform quality through such a long series of sonnets. Once the personal narration of events is past, and the grieving poet considers his lost love, the level rises and holds the higher standard. Seeking heaven in the sight of his beloved, the poet ends the forty-sixth sonnet:

Let saints upon their loftier pathways go
Lonely to God; this is the way I know.

And yet fearful of material or hedonistic rewards, Mr. Maynard tells us in the next sonnet:

Had what we sought for been attained by us,
All had been lost—and we, as earth-bound fools,
Loving too much had grown idolatrous.

This is perhaps the climactic point of the sequence. The poems take their place among our memorable love sonnets, less passionate than the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," less singable than the sonnets for the "dark lady" by the Bard of Avon, but none the less intense in their emotional fervor for a queenly woman worthy of her poet's praise. A few of the sonnets are contrived and almost too intimate in detail, but they help carry the major theme, and might damage the framework of the poem if omitted.

—A. M. SULLIVAN.

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IDEAS ON FILM

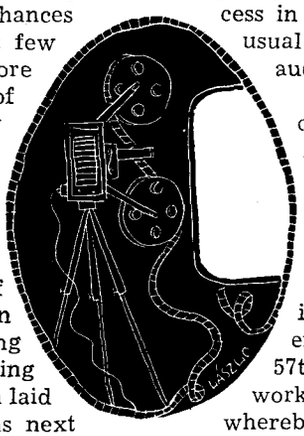
Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Looking Forward

NOW is the time when the film reviewer is expected to sit down with a list of the films which were released during 1949 and select his favorite ten, the outstanding "films of the year." But those of us who are concerned with "non-theatrical" (we call a film "non-theatrical" when it is being shown outside a commercial movie theatre, for whatever reason) films can enjoy a more relaxed attitude in looking back over the past year. We see, for example, that one of the most popular, most often screened, and certainly best films of the past year, among 16mm. films, was Alexander Hammid's "Hymn of the Nations," the OWI release with Arturo Toscanini. And this is a film that was first released nearly five years ago. That makes it the best film of what year?

The best thing about a really good film is that it *lives*. Not only has it a distinct quality of aliveness and excitement on the screen, but it also survives over an extended period of time. Without having to rely exclusively upon the stringent principles of theatrical ticket-sellers, films which are available for non-theatrical use have more of a life of their own.

The kind of 16mm. films I would include on my list of current "bests"—"The Quiet One," "The Loon's Necklace," "Farrebique," "1848," "Feeling All Right," "Nomads of the Jungle"—cannot properly be classified as films of any particular year. (I am reminded of the statement a child psychologist made about parents who speak of their children as being in the third-grade as if it were an actual place.) Most of these films were planned and worked on over a period of several years, and the chances are that during the next few years they will be even more "successful" in terms of showings and popularity and critical acclaim. They are all films which have only begun to live!



And so from this point of view, even more exciting than the number of good films which have been released on 16mm. during the past year is the feeling that groundwork has been laid for more and better films next year and in future years, and for larger, more alert audiences.

Following is a list of the kind of achievements during 1949 which, in this reviewer's opinion, point to better films to come:

1. The Mental Health Film Board, providing an almost model plan for the production and distribution of a series of motion pictures on a variety of important subjects.

2. The Text-Film Division of McGraw-Hill, demonstrating that there is a need for intelligent, adult educational films, and proving beyond reasonable doubt that book publishers *can* sponsor films.

3. The Southern Educational Film Production Service, continuing its exciting program of film-making to meet specific regional needs.

4. The more than 100 film councils in cities and towns throughout the country, indicating that there is more than passive interest in broadening the usefulness of films and increasing their audiences.

5. The eighty-four public libraries in the country which now circulate films as well as books to their patrons, establishing a basic network for non-commercial 16mm. distribution. (Co-operative film activities among groups of public libraries are spreading so as to include small communities which otherwise could not afford to purchase and use 16mm. films. Experimental operations were begun in the State of Missouri and in the Cleveland area, and plans for similar programs are being made in Tennessee, Louisiana, and Michigan.)

6. Film societies and clubs, many centered around college and university campuses, whose number has grown by leaps and bounds during the past year, meeting increasing success in bringing a variety of unusual films to "minority" film audiences.

7. Newly established cinema guilds in Port Arthur and Beaumont, Texas, guaranteeing audiences a series of foreign films which the group itself has selected for local theatrical (35mm.) showings. (The Community Cinema Corporation, 148 W. 57th St., New York City, has worked out several plans whereby foreign features may be secured for showings in towns and cities where they aren't ordinarily booked.)

8. National organizations which are looking to films to help them carry on their own work, creating specialized audiences and better standards for "special-interest" films. (At annual conventions and other meetings it is not surprising to find a "theatre" of special films being operated on a continuous basis. Recently at a meeting of public-health workers in New York, some seventy-four short films were shown over a five-day period.)

9. Those independent theatre operators who are booking 35mm. prints of interesting documentary films for regular theatrical runs, evoking the applause of audience after audience who are not used to finding intelligent film selection in theatres.

10. And, finally, television program planners are seeing the potential value of films, helping to provide a higher quality of broadcast entertainment for the American public.

The ten best films of the year, or the best hundred—it hardly is important. But it does matter that everyone has an opportunity to see the films he wants to see, that film makers be confident that there will be larger and more varied audiences, and that films become a more integrated part of recreation and of work, in as many different kinds of situations as is possible.

—CECILE STARR.

Information, Please . . .

A number of readers have written to *SRL* asking for information about film societies in their communities. While it is known that hundreds of these groups are operating at this time, we here at *SRL* have only a smattering of information about their actual whereabouts, aside from the New York City area.

If you know of film societies in your own city, will you send pertinent information to the Film Department, *SRL*, 25 W. 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. Specifically, we should like to know the name and address of the group, membership regulations, type of program.

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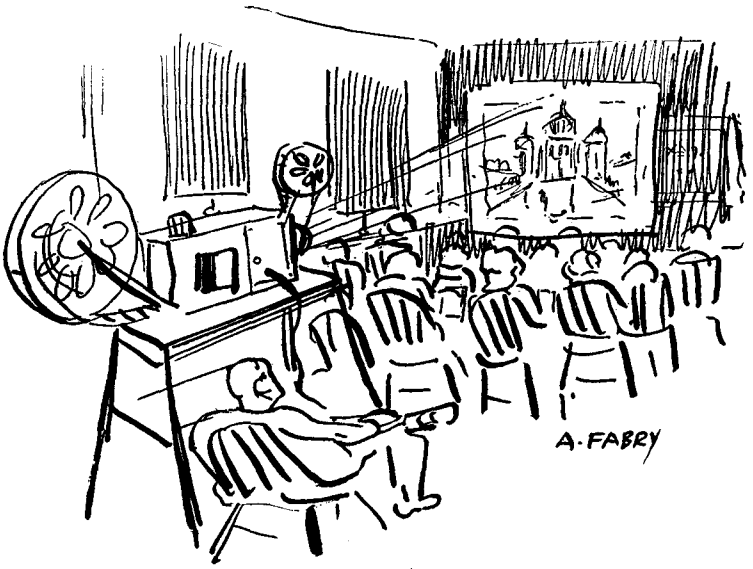

Films for Neighbors

PEARL S. BUCK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Pearl S. Buck, distinguished author, Nobel Prize winner, and president of the East and West Association, is doubtful that the family film group she writes about below can properly be called a "film council"; however that may be, it certainly can be called a delightful film experience for the community. Perhaps Miss Buck's article will inspire similar programs among readers who have 16mm. projectors.*

THIS is the second year of our Green Hills Farm Film Council. The Council consists of the family. Indeed, the whole thing began with the children. It grew, as I remember, out of the wistful parental hope that by getting a good sound motion-picture projector we could stave off the television set that we knew was looming in the dreams of the youngest members. We bought the projector. Later, it is true, with some resentment, we were also compelled under pressure to buy the television set. The two do not conflict. The television is every day, the film shows fortnightly. The real joy to be found in the film projector is the power to choose programs and thereby restrain murderers, cheapskates, thieves, racketeers, Wild West showoffs, and the like from coming right into the living room.

The children, somewhat to their own surprise, enjoyed the films, too. Then it seemed a pity not to show them to more persons. School friends were invited and were so enthusiastic that the Green Hills children felt reenforced. Parents, we found, were brave enough to drive miles to encourage their young to see good pictures.

The Green Hills main house is blessed with a fine and roomy old barn, which has been made into a place of enjoyment for all ages. It seats a hundred people easily. We invested in folding chairs and started to give regular programs every second Friday during the season when it is dark enough at 7:30. Last spring we kept on a little too long, and the setting sun streaming in through the barn windows spoiled our last show. On the Monday before each program we send out postcards to the children's friends and to everybody around who might like to come.

They come quite regularly, people from neighboring villages, the families of the farmers, and boys and girls from the local 4-H Club, whose regular meeting place anyway is our barn. Our audiences usually number well over fifty and sometimes nearer to a hundred. They are of all ages, from Mr. Hamill in his seventies to the farmers' babies. David, our two-year-old Indian-American boy at Welcome House, is an extremely active and articulate member and makes audible comments on items of interest in the pictures. The other Welcome House babies, Leon, who is Chinese-American, and Sumie, who is Japanese-American, will join when older.

Not long ago all the children in the first grade of a school in Doylestown, our county seat, were brought by their teacher and some of the mothers. They sat on cushions on the floor up front and added much to the occasion by their spontaneous laughter, squeals, and applause.

Our pictures are carefully chosen. The Princeton Film Center does an excellent job of advising us and accepting our suggestions and then of getting the films to us on time. The rural delivery postman is generous about taking them away the morning after so that they can get to the next place on time. Since we have an audience so mixed in ages and interests our pictures must not be too special, and we have not yet come to the point of having discussion about the films except in the family and with those who linger after the show.

We believe in knowing more about everybody, and so each program must have a good film about another country, as well as one about our own country. We can take some propaganda but not too much. Soil erosion, race relations, the importance of good roads must be skilfully treated and not at too great length. A good comic is an essential on every program. Perhaps we need laughter more than we need sermons. Prejudice is not very prevalent in our partly Quaker, partly Mennonite community, and the county agent is very efficient in talking us out of soil erosion. But a good laugh makes anything go. Much as we love Mickey Mouse, we need far more really good humorous pictures, not necessarily cartoons.

The younger generation now runs our show. John and Edgar alternate on the sound projector and on the little old one on which we run silent shorts to keep the very young quiet while the sound films are being changed. So we have a continuous performance. Jean takes charge of turning the lights off and on. Richard arranges ahead of time a program of music on the automatic record player which he runs while the people gather, or in any interval caused by our now rare breakdowns. We parents are nearby merely for advice. Occasionally the operator of the small machine gets so interested in the sound film that he forgets to have his fill-in ready.

Is the Council a success? We here at Green Hills think so. The test is our steady crowd, which comes out even in bad weather. As a by-product, and a valuable one, there is good family education in choosing films, in knowing what films are being made, and in learning how to carry out a community project, in planning the program, setting up equipment and chairs, and making people welcome and comfortable, and putting the barn to rights again after the show.

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The Film Forum

FILM BOOKSHELF: MISCELLANY

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

Art Films: The American Federation of Art has recently published a "Guide to Art Films," listing 265 titles of 16mm. films, their rental and sale prices, and sources. Covering a wide range of arts and crafts, the booklet is merely a listing of films. No attempt has been made to evaluate or even to describe except where titles are not self-explanatory. It sells at 50¢ a copy and is available from the *Magazine of Art*, 22 E. 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.

F.C.A. Monthly: *The Film Counselor*, monthly publication of the Film Council of America, is now available to interested individuals and organizations at $1 a year (ten issues), and for those who are interested in the use of films with adult groups it should be well worth this small charge. Beginning with the January issue, the periodical has a new format and includes a special section of suggestions for film programs, reports on local film-council activities, information about new films, film lists, and discussion guides, as well as reports on 16mm. film activities abroad. Send your subscription order to the Film Council of America, 6 W. Ontario St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Guide to 16mm. Films: The new 1949 edition of the "Educational Film Guide" has an alphabetical list of over 7,000 films available on 16mm. Of this number 4,190 appear in a classified subject listing with brief descriptions and other pertinent information. Far from the handiest thing to have around, the "Educational Film Guide" is as yet the best and most complete film listing, indeed the only undertaking of its kind. A full selection of classroom teaching film is included, as well as many worthwhile adult films and selected 16mm. features. Every public library should have a copy on file for the public to refer to now and again. (Published by the H. W. Wilson Co., New York. $5.)

Films Into Books: Two books recently published should be of interest to FILM FORUM readers. "Human Growth," by Lester F. Beck (Harcourt, Brace, $2), is based on the film of that name (*SRL* April 2, 1949) and has many cartoon illustrations taken from the film. As a book it measures up to the high quality of film in nearly every way —handsomely printed and designed, intelligently planned, sincerely and factually presented. "Human Growth," as readers probably know by this time, provides information for growing young people on the subject of maturation and reproduction among mankind. In addition, at the end of each chapter it answers some of the questions that actually have come up in classroom discussions among adolescents. This is one of the few times when an educational film has been converted into a full-fledged book—an excellent example to all who are interested. If the information in the book and film do not help young people gain a better attitude toward themselves and each other, I feel that nothing will. And of course there are those who prefer nothing.

The second book is not so successful, although it is based on one of the most startling film fantasies ever made—Jean Cocteau's "The Blood of a Poet." The scenario has been translated by Lily Pons, and Cocteau contributes a preface dating from 1946 and a postscript which was delivered as an address when the film was shown at the Théâtre du Vieux-Columbier in January 1932. There are forty photographic stills scattered throughout the short volume, most of which do not do justice to the vividness and depth of the original motion picture. The film itself, Cocteau writes, is addressed to *aficionados*. "Indeed, I do not kill the bull according to the rules," he writes. "Still, this contempt for rules does not go without a contempt for the danger that excites a great many souls." *Voila!* (The Bodley Press, New York. $5.)

For Film Makers: "Sixteen Millimeter Sound Motion Pictures," by William H. Offenhauser, Jr., is a 580-page manual for amateur and professional movie makers. It includes information on cameras, sound recorders, film processing and shooting, and practically every detail and gadget connected with the making and projecting of films. A number of illustrations—charts, photographs, and drawings—supplement the text. (Interscience Publishers, New York. $10.)

Mass Communications: Joseph T. Klapper's report to the director of the Public Library Inquiry, "The Effects of Mass Media," has been published in mimeographed edition by the Bureau of Applied Social Research, Columbia University, New York, with a foreword by Paul F. Lazarsfeld. The report is based on information from existing studies and deals with four aspects of the problem: (1) the impact of mass media upon public taste, (2) the comparative effects of the various media of communication, (3) the functions and effects of escapist communication, (4) mass media and persuasion.

—CECILE STARR.

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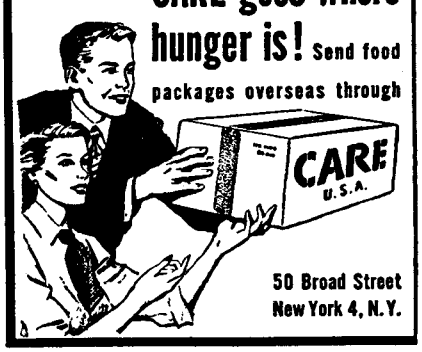

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BARTOK: MUSIC FOR STRINGS, PERCUSSION, AND CELESTA. Los Angeles Chamber Symphony, Byrns. Capitol *LP*: L-8048 (10″)	I nominate this for the best recording of percussive sounds in last ten years. Astonishingly clean, sharp, natural drum sounds, notably the tympani. A very difficult recording problem handsomely solved.	Two closely related works, one in superb modern recording, the other an historical document, in passable recording, played by the composer himself and wife. Both works have tremendous energy, fabulous use of percussion instruments for rhythmic and color effects, plenty of good-humored, highly civilized savagery. The two-piano work seems to me the bigger piece—perhaps because of Bartók's own superb playing. Children's piano pieces, also played (and announced) by Bartók, are included in this record.
BARTOK: SONATA FOR TWO PIANOS AND PERCUSSION. Bela Bartók, Ditta P. Bartók; H. Baker and E. Rubsan, percussion. Polydor-Vox *LP*: PLP 6010	Surprisingly good rehabilitation from CBS broadcast transcription of 1940. No highs above 4,000, some false percussives but the music gets through. Pianos overbalance percussion—due to mike placement. (A new recording of this is due soon.)	
BARTOK: PIANO CONCERTO #2 (1926). Andor Foldes; Lamoureux Orch., Bigot. Polydor-Vox *LP*: PLP 6620	One of the excellent new Lamoureux Orch. recordings now being issued on LP by Vox—they are reportedly tape. Wide range, high quality throughout. Fine brass sounds. Piano bit hard.	A vivid, tremendously energetic concerto, related to the above works. First movement brass and percussion only, second all strings, third entire orch. A brilliant, brittle performance calculatedly furious.
BARTOK: IMPROVISATIONS FOR PIANO, OP. 20 (1920); "OUT OF DOORS" SUITE (1926). Leonid Hambro, pianist. Bartók *LP*: BRS 002	A high-quality modern LP recording of a so-so piano. Very steady pitch, good transients, nice dynamic range, good surface. This is Peter Bartók's second Bartók venture. (The first was String Quartet #3.)	Bartók's son continues his recording efforts. This is Bartók in his small-piece style, dissonant, folk-affected, also much influenced by Debussy's piano. Interesting combination. An efficient performance, not overly sensitive.
TCHAIKOVSKY AND MOZART		
TCHAIKOVSKY: VARIATIONS ON A ROCOCO THEME. D. Markevitch, cello; Lamoureux Orch., Fistoulari. TCHAIKOVSKY: CAPRICCIO ITALIEN. Pro Musica Orch., Kerekes. Polydor-Vox *LP*: PLP 6640 (10″) (*both on one record*)	The "Variations" are wide range, excellent quality like rest of this Lamoureux series (see Bartók above); the "Capriccio" has markedly less highs, is acoustically rather dead—but not a bad job, even so.	Two odd-size Tchaikovsky items, the "Variations" particularly nice to have; cello solo foreshadows "Don Quixote." The "Capriccio" is an expert, slick job, tuneful, hurdy-gurdy-like, mostly for show. Good playing.
MOZART: PIANO CONCERTO #25 IN C K. 503. Gaby Casadesus; Lamoureux Orch., Bigot. Polydor-Vox *LP*: PLP 6520	Again a top-quality recording, fully wide range, with nice liveness, good piano. Only flaw (my copy) is off-center pressing of side 1. (Columbia did it!) May not be true of all copies.	One of the very greatest concertos, and this rates as possibly the best recording. Is Gaby C. better here than in her past Mozart—or is it just the greatly improved recording? Try for yourself.
MOZART: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN G, K. 216. Jacques Thibaud; Lamourex Orch., Paray. MOZART: QUARTET IN E FLAT, K. 171. Loewenguth Quartet. Polydor-Vox *LP*: PLP 6420 (*both on one record*)	The Concerto is an earlier, pre-tape Lamoureux, taken from 78's. A good recording with nice acoustics, fair range; not up to the newer Lamoureux jobs. Quartet is of similar quality with excellent quartet acoustics.	The Thibaud-Paray Mozart is clearly authoritative, though as an elderly violinist Thibaud is a bit uneven, eccentric. Well worth having — and the quartet is excellent too.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

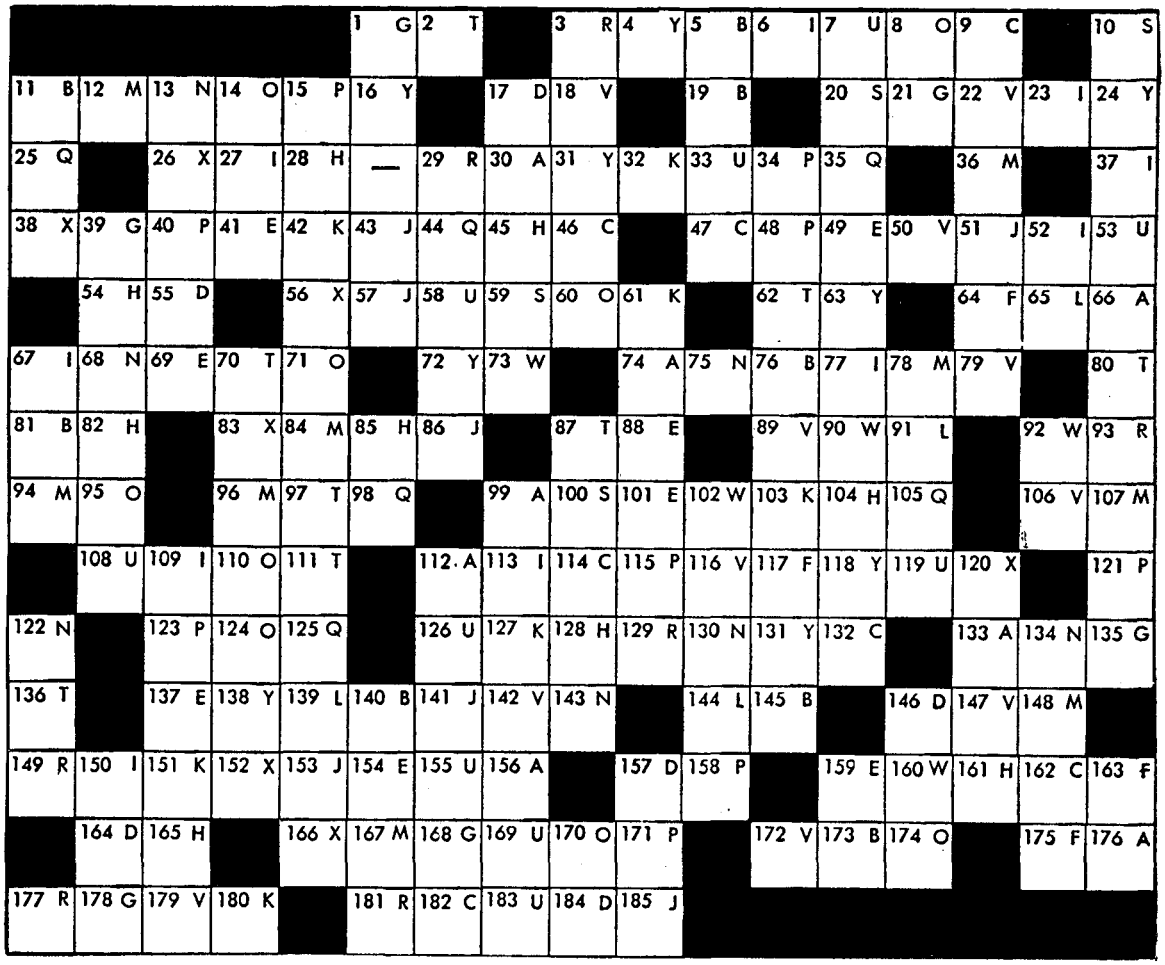
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Just; equitable.	99 74 133 30 156 112 176 66
B. An aborigine of Formosa.	5 81 11 76 173 140 19 145
C. A repartee.	114 162 47 182 46 132 9
D. River in Italy, into the Adriatic (ancient Aufidus).	157 55 17 184 146 164
E. To utter, esp. carelessly or sharply (2 wds.).	88 69 159 101 154 49 137 41
F. Toes the mark for shooting marbles.	117 163 64 175
G. American Army commander killed in the battle of Little Big Horn.	39 21 178 1 135 168
H. A hardy, early-ripening Russian variety of yellow-red apple grown in colder sections of America (hort.).	54 85 161 82 104 28 45 165 128
I. Not in fashion (comp.).	109 27 6 77 67 37 113 23 150 52
J. Srinagar is its capital.	86 141 185 51 57 153 43
K. To test by an appropriate method.	42 180 127 32 103 151 61
L. Noted Danish-born American writer and social worker in New York City (1849-1914).	139 144 65 91

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A parent language (German).	84 94 107 12 78 36 167 96 148
N. Surname of heroine of "The Lady of the Lake" (Scott).	143 134 68 75 13 130 122
O. One of several breeds of pure-white swine.	71 110 8 95 170 124 14 60 174
P. Results; consequences.	121 158 123 34 48 40 15 115 171
Q. Author of current best seller "Women Are Here to Stay."	25 44 105 125 35 98
R. Tyrants.	181 129 177 3 93 29 149
S. Ceremonial chamber or structure (Pueblo Indian arch.).	10 59 20 100
T. Muscle sugar (chem.).	62 111 87 136 97 80 2 70
U. A dramatic presentation by marionettes (2 wds.).	58 7 33 126 119 53 108 155 169 183
V. The solid part of the earth.	22 106 172 89 116 18 50 147 179 142 79
W. Under one's protection, patronage, etc. (2 wds.).	90 160 102 73 92
X. A person of distinction.	120 38 26 166 83 152 56
Y. Act or faculty of tasting.	16 31 63 72 24 118 4 138 131

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 15 of this issue.

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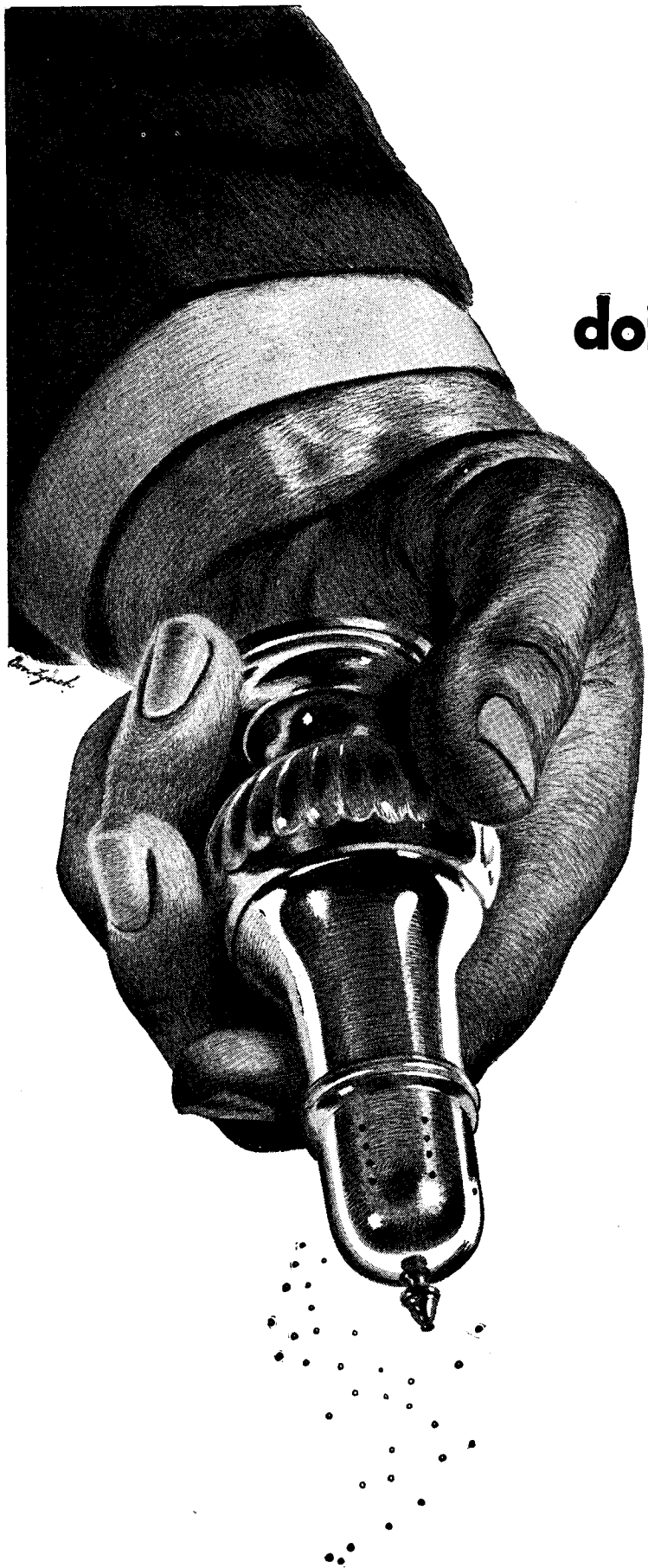

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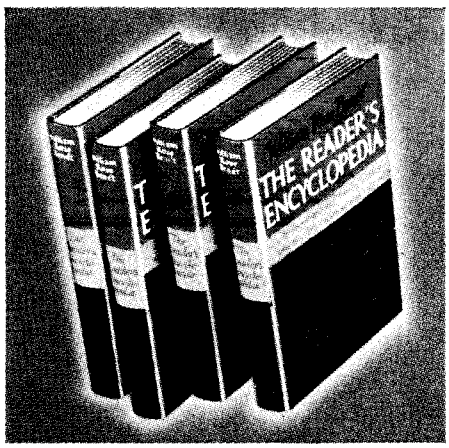

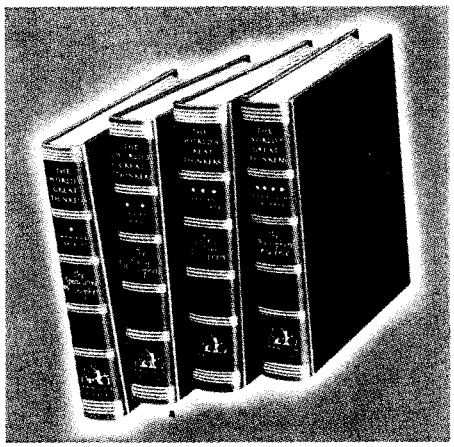

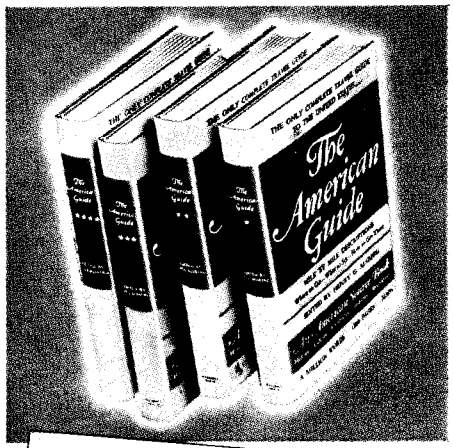

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